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VOL. V NO. 178

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1950.

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Anti-Leopold Disturbances Growing Apace

Brussels, July 28.

Strikers shouting "Hang Leopold" poured into Brussels tonight, threatening to march again on Lacken, the Palace home of the newly-returned King Leopold.

"But this time we will reach the Palace," shouted miners, iron foundrymen and chemical workers, described as "tough guys" by the police.

Fighting flared up in Brussels' Gare du Nord at this influx of a wave of demonstrators from the French-speaking provinces of Wallonia, pledged to grip the country in a general strike unless King Leopold abdicates.

Last night thousands of demonstrators, led by the Socialist former Prime Minister, M. Paul Henri Spak, who called the strike "the start of a revolution," were turned back outside the Palace by mounted gendarmes with drawn sabres and foot guards with rifles. One officer said that the police would have their work "cut out" to handle these "southerners" from provinces already paralysed by the creeping strike.

Releases In Army Suspended

London, July 28.

The British Army today followed the Royal Navy in suspending temporarily the release of certain regular soldiers and in announcing a limited call-up of the Regular Army Reserve.

The War Office said that this was being done as a result of the decision to send land forces to Korea.

The instructions would take effect from August 1. All voluntary retirement of regular officers, unless already approved, and discharge by purchase, except on compassionate grounds, would be suspended.

The instructions did not apply to the women's services, for which separate instructions would be issued.—Reuter.

Chiefs Visit Madame Tussauds



Three Paramount Chiefs from Sierra Leone, who arrived in London recently to study the British way of life, paid a visit to Madame Tussauds. Picture shows them looking at the Sleeping Beauty. (London Express Service).

INDIA'S FURTHER APPEAL IN SECURITY COUNCIL

Lake Success, July 28.

India today made a last minute appeal to the North Koreans to withdraw beyond the 38th Parallel in Korea to prevent a world war. Sir Benegal Narsing Rau, India's permanent delegate to the Security Council, said that whatever the outcome of the fighting was, Korea would be devastated and millions of people would suffer.

He stressed that India's aim had been to seek to bring the conflict to an end as early as possible. The Security Council met to debate the first report made by General Douglas MacArthur on the Korean war.

The Soviet delegate, Mr. Jacob Malik, was not present at today's meeting. He has not attended any meeting of the Council since last January, when he left the Council, saying that he would not return until the Chinese Nationalist delegate was replaced by a representative of Peking.

Mr. Malik announced yesterday that he intended to take over, on August 1, the Presidency of the Council, which is due to the Soviet Union for August.

SPEED COMMENDED

At today's meeting, Sir Gladwyn Jebb (Britain) commended the speed of decision by which land, sea and air forces were deployed.

M. Jean Chauvel (France) stressed his country's appreciation of the decisive and determined way in which the United Nations had taken a difficult decision in hand.

"The heroism and spirit of sacrifice of the forces are admired by the whole world," he said.

Nothing was more difficult for new troops than to fight a delaying action.

He thought that world public opinion had done less than justice to the problem of supplying substantial equipment and troops.

Speaking about Britain's contribution to the war effort, Sir Gladwyn said: "It is our hope and expectation that this combat force will make a really effective contribution to the collective action in which the United Nations are engaged."

ULTIMATE DEFEAT

"The scale of the North Korean attack offers final proof that we had to deal with a systematic act of aggression for which preparations must have been made for months if not years."

"But let not the aggressor imagine that his initial success will do anything but render more certain his ultimate defeat," Sir Gladwyn said.

Sir Gladwyn said that the American forces had fought the most difficult of all military operations, namely, a delaying action.

He was confident that this phase was ending, and that the lines would be established and the Northern forces driven back from the territory they had overrun.

Dr. Carlos Blanco (Cuba) said that the most significant aspect in the MacArthur report was its stress on the fact that North Korean resources were superior to what they could produce themselves.

NOT THE LAST

Dr. T. E. Tsiang (Nationalist China) said that the aggression in Korea was not the first and was likely not to be the last.

"The world today is profoundly disturbed about when and where the next blow will fall," he said.

Dr. Tsiang added that North Korean soldiers were fighting with a fanaticism only possible because of the enslavement of the minds of people within the Iron Curtain.

Sir Benegal Rau made an appeal to North Korea "even at this stage" to comply with the Security Council's resolution to withdraw to the 38th Parallel. He explained that the United Nations had not been able to provide armed forces to assist South Korea.

"The truth is," he said, "that the whole structure and organization of our armed forces is designed for home defence."

"Our internal needs at present are such that we cannot afford to send any portion of our forces to assist South Korea."

(Continued on Page 16 Col. 4)

America Boosts Manpower

Washington, July 28.

The chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Representative Carl Vinson, said today that the Army would boost its strength as fast as possible to 834,000 men—an increase of 240,000.

In addition, he said, the Army will spend \$51,043,160 extra, over and above its present appropriations, on new tanks, guns and weapons of every kind.

The big Army manpower goal gave point to yesterday's draft call for 100,000 men and made it apparent that more draft calls were in the offing. Increase in Army strength will include undisclosed numbers of reserves and National Guardsmen. The Army at present has about 594,000 men.

Mr. Vinson disclosed the Army's manpower goals after General J. Lawton Collins, Chief of Staff, testified before the committee during almost four hours of the executive session.

Mr. Vinson's disclosures showed that the Services together would boost manpower by about 642,000 men to a total of 2,070,000. The present manpower total is about 1,428,000.—United Press.

TOMMIES STILL BEING HELD

The five British tommyes who strayed over into Chinese territory on Thursday were still held by Chinese guards on the other side this morning. Negotiations for their release are going on.

The men—one NCO and four other ranks—belong to the 1st Bn, Royal Leicestershire Regiment.

Turks Ready To Sail

Istanbul, July 28.

Units of the 28th Turkish Division were today reported unofficially picked for the 4,000-man Turkish force for the Korean war.

Reports said Division units, all trained in American methods under the American military aid programme, have been alerted and are awaiting United Nations orders to sail for Korea.—United Press.

N. Koreans Throw Shock Troops At American Lines

HWANGGAN EVACUATED AFTER NIGHT POUNDING

Tokyo, July 29.

Shock troops of nine North Korean Communist divisions hurled themselves at the American lines in Korea today in the opening stage of the biggest battle of the war. Front dispatches said the Communists were expected to throw their full strength of 45,000 men with powerful artillery and tank support into a do or die offensive within a few hours in a supreme attempt to smash the United States First Cavalry and 25th Infantry Divisions.

From rat-infested fox-holes in the front lines came word that an all-out attack might start soon on a 40-mile front from the Yongdong area to the area of Hamchang. "I consider the situation very serious," a commanding officer in the key sector said.

A new threat to the Allies in their southeastern Korean beachhead was reported in a United Press front-line dispatch early today. Front correspondent Jack James, with the South Korean Army, reported that a strong force of Communist irregulars was moving southwestward from the east coast port of Pohang, threatening to cut the Kunchon-Taegu-Pusan railway.

Rutherford Poole, United Press correspondent, reported that the Communists in the far south who had thrust to a point 50 miles west of Pusan, might turn northward on the rear of the main American front.—United Press.

OUT OF HWANGGAN

With the First Cavalry in Korea, July 29.

Nightlong artillery and mortar shelling by the North Koreans forced the Americans to withdraw from Hwanggan early today.

Other slight retreats were carried out along the central front in an orderly fashion.—United Press.

SMALL WEDGE

With MacArthur's Headquarters for Korea, July 29.

Northern forces drove a "small wedge" into the central battle lines in Korea today as

the whole front tensed for an expected all-out Communist onslaught.

The Northerners, outnumbering the American and South Korean defenders by about four to one, according to one American estimate, were desperately seeking a decision within the next few days, a senior American Army spokesman said.

Their supply problem was acute under relentless aircraft pounding. Holding firm, the Americans were fighting to close the breach, General MacArthur's communique, issued just after midnight said.

Elements of the 15th North Korean Division, about 800 strong, drove a wedge between the Sixth Korean Division and the American 25th Division near Chonmni.

The communique also reported that the Communists were "continuing heavy pressure all along the front" and were making concentrated assaults against the First Cavalry's positions, southeast of Yongdong.

American forces, after losing ground in the Hwanggan area, were "holding positions in a savage fire fight."

SEE-SAW BATTLE

Though front-line reports indicated a see-saw battle on the east coast, an earlier American Eighth Army communique spoke of "very little action along the entire front."

The American 25th Infantry Division in the centre near Yongdong lost a little ground under tank and infantry battering but were organising for a counter-attack to establish its position, the communique stated.

Plots reported a column of smoke rising 5,000 feet into the sky, the communique stated.

(Continued on Page 16 Col. 1)

Observers thought that the Northerners' mass assaults yesterday on the Yongdong front-line heralded a critical battle for the central sector—the gateway to Taegu, temporary South Korean capital, and the whole American defence area.

A spokesman said that about nine Communist divisions of 10,000 or 11,000 men each were poised in the central sector, but only about 4,000 or 5,000 men from each were actually in the frontlines. Their proportionate fire power was much lower than that of the Americans and South Koreans, he said.

STRONG RESERVES

In the south, small American troops which entered blazing Hwanggan yesterday, withdrew to unknown distances toward Chingru, only 60 miles from their vital supply port of Pusan, where strong United States forces were in reserve.

Frontline reports said that a see-saw battle raged near the east coast port of Yongdok. The 23rd South Korean Regiment was fighting a strong counter-attack on the outskirts.

Naval and shore guns plastered Communist positions during the night after United States warships threw up a blaze of star shell illumination.

United States B29 Superfortresses, striking for the sixth successive day north and south of the 38th Parallel, today pounded marshalling yards at Pyongyang, North Korean capital, and important river bridges at Seoul, former South Korean capital.

Plots reported a column of smoke rising 5,000 feet into the sky, the communique stated.

EDITORIAL

What Is In The Wind?

RUSSIA'S bolt from the blue, Moscow's surprising decision to assert the right to nominate the President of the Security Council on Tuesday, poses one inevitable question, What is in the wind? Not the slightest hint had been given, foreshadowing the Kremlin's intention. Unless Stalin's quick grasp at the bargaining weapon proffered by Mr. Nehru in a well-meant attempt to get the Korean conflict stopped in its stride can be regarded as furnishing a possible guide, no clue has been given to Russia's motives, to what is behind a gesture so completely unexpected. Nor is it easy to reduce the potentialities to sound analysis. Dramatic, portentous, intriguing, promising—any of these adjectives might describe the development, which ranks as the most astounding emerging out of the diplomatic tug-of-war since the flare-up over Korea. All that can be said with certainty is that Moscow has a calculated design. Instinctively, having in mind Russia's past record for chicanery and duplicity, there will be little inclination to await a momentous disclosure of Mr. Malik's objective in a spirit of optimism. What could be the only satisfactory outcome is at the same time the least likely: that is, a descent by Russia to reasonable co-operation, abandonment of the policy of boycott regarding United Nations' activities and a sincere endeavour to persuade the North Korean leaders of the errors of their ways. Russia, of course, has been deliberately enigmatical. Conforming to directive, Mr. Malik has merely announced his wish to assume the role of President, set a date for the first meeting and declared that he would subsequently designate the items he would require to be placed on the agenda. Indeed, suggestive of challenge rather than a peace mission, and speculation will most assuredly gravitate towards the alternatives. Presumably, a likely course to be pursued is resurrection of the issue of expulsion of the exile government of China from the United Nations and its replacement by the Peking administration. It may possibly be linked with an offer to join in mediation endeavours to solve the Korean problem. As Pandit Nehru insisted, that might conceivably provide an answer, but it is difficult to believe that the raising of the subject would result in anything but a stormy session. The United States and Britain have both made it crystal clear that the withdrawal of the aggressors in Korea to the 38th Parallel must precede any discussion on Peking's future status. And any prospect of gaining a majority vote have surely been nullified by the Soviet's behind-the-scenes activities in the Far East. Should that line be dominant in Mr. Malik's instructions, Moscow's move could hardly be regarded as adroit, no more than could any attack on the legality of the June 27 resolution, condemning the Korean invaders and imposing military sanctions. Moreover, no attempt to sabotage the process of bringing the United Nations police force in Korea up to efficient strength is likely to be countenanced. Things have gone too far—there can be no retreat except it is by the offenders. For the moment, in short, misgivings over Russia's switch in tactics seem to be warranted.

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He Old English Lavender Water

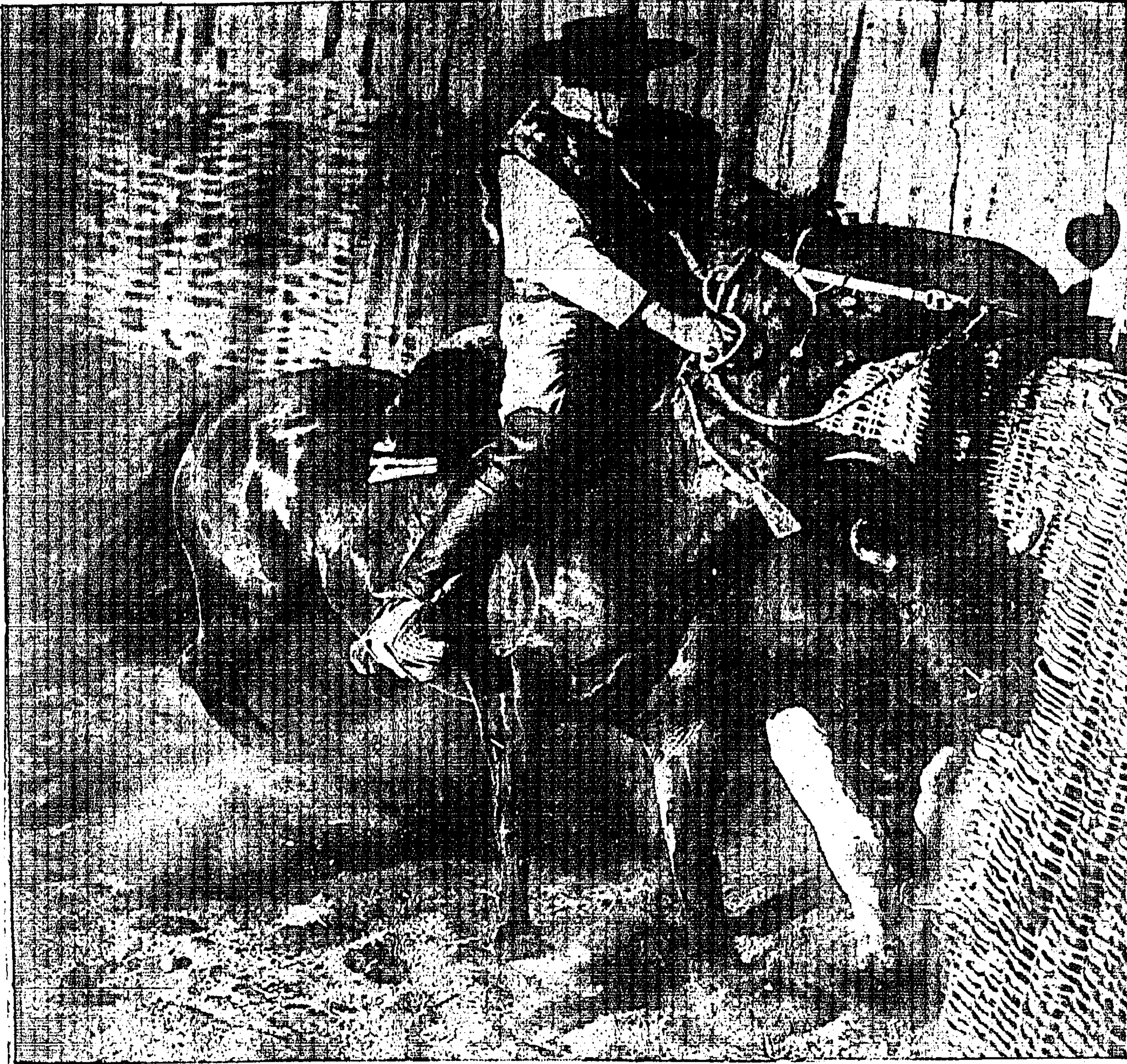


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TAG WITH DYNAMITE ON THE HOOF



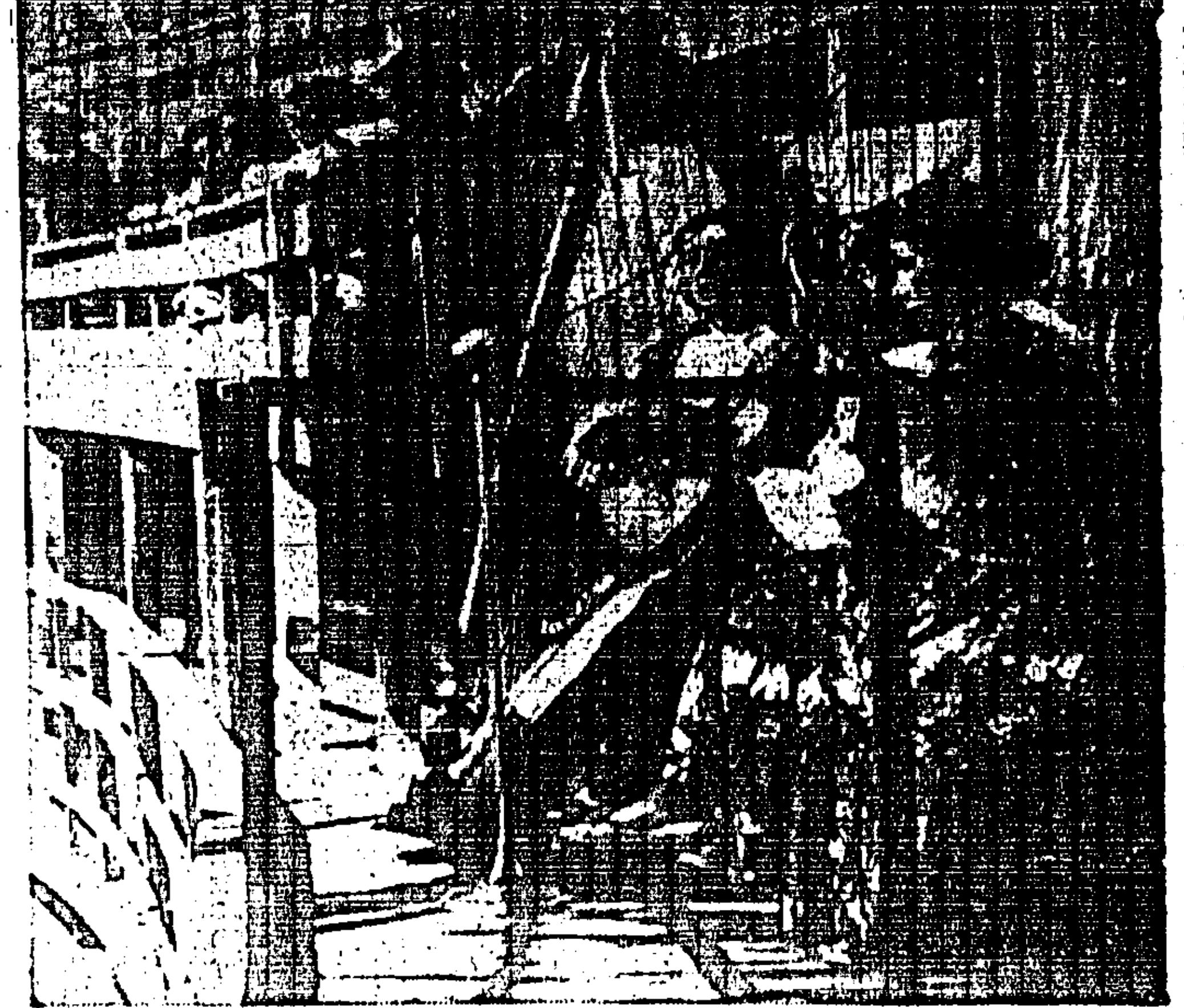
At breakneck speed, a crack Chilean cowboy pins bull against a stockade wall during a rodeo contest. Stopping bull by pressure on its neck earns one point for rider.



JUST WHEN the horseman was about to pin this bull by pressure against its side and score two points, it decided to sit. This eats up time and chances of winning.



AS THE BULL gets up and breaks away, second rider takes over. Three points, top score in the contest, is achieved by stopping the bull by pressure on its flank.



BETWEEN CONTESTS and at intermissions, spectators in the stands around the arena are entertained by a trio of singers. Two play guitars, the other the harp.

PLAYING tag is lots of fun — except when you're chasing and trying to corner a thundering bull composed chiefly of hundreds of pounds of massive muscle. Then — like many a Chilean cowboy — you may wind up in a hospital or escape with just bruises and lacerations.

Doctors and nurses will be in for their usual seasonal rush in the South American country now that rodeo time has arrived. The highlight of these Chilean cowboy contests is reached when two riders drive a bull around an arena, stopping him at a spot marked by flags along the wall of a cane-padded stockade. Then they must reverse the animal, drive him to another "stop" on the opposite side, turn him around again and head him back to the first spot for another "touch" against the wall. Each cowboy, known as a husso, takes a turn at stopping the bull while the other drives him from behind.

An important role in the contest is played by the riders' horses. Years of training and careful breeding have developed nimble-footed mounts that instantly obey their owners. Unlike bullfights, which end only when the animal is killed, the Chilean sport permits the bull to "turn and run away and live to play another day."



ALTHOUGH SEATED on sidelines, the ladies play a key role in proceedings. A cowboy receives their smiling congratulations after winning one of the contests.

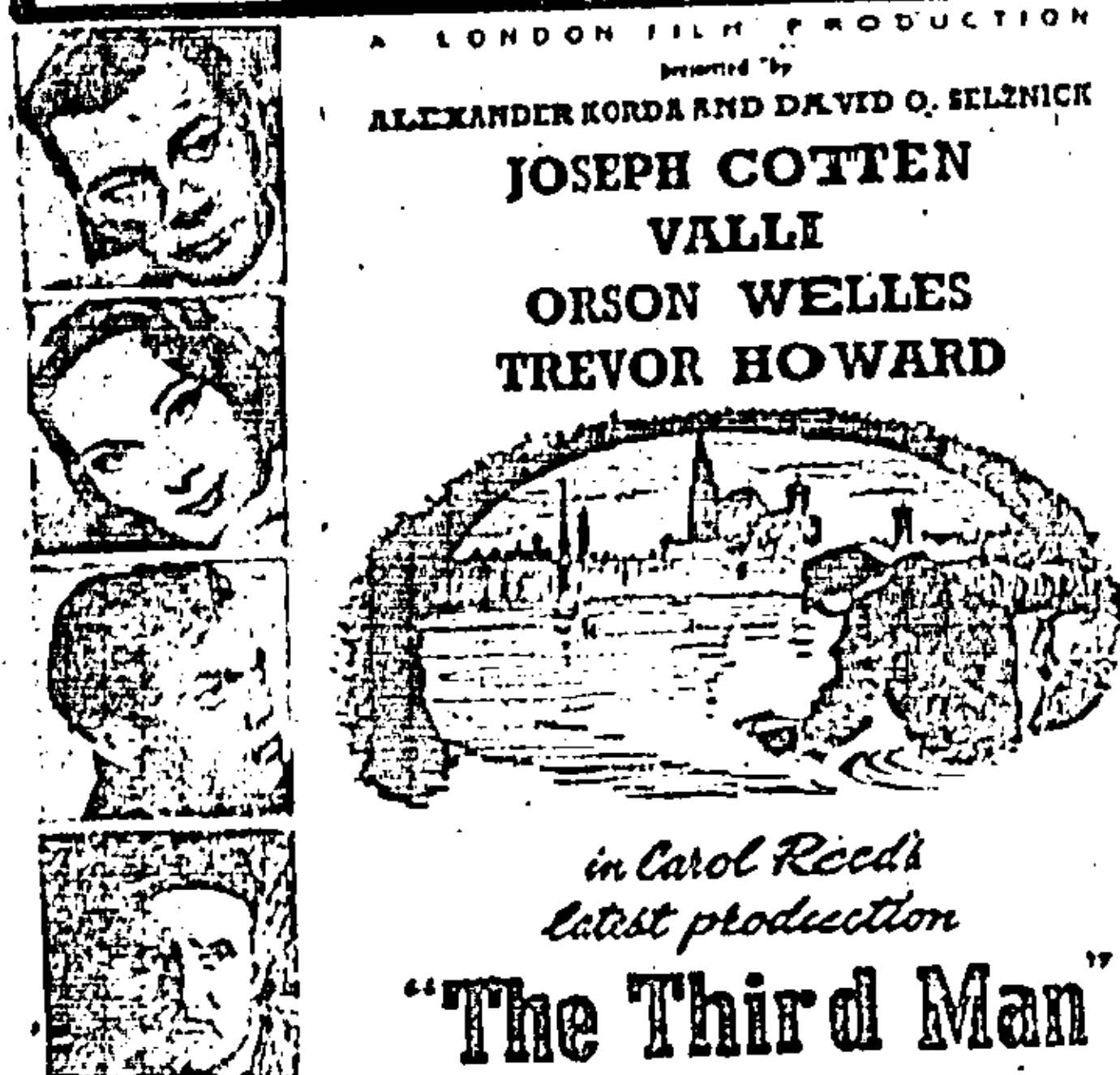


LEATHER LEG GAUNTLETS protect rider against bad bruises and lacerations, while wooden stirrups prevent foot injuries. Spur spurs, does not hurt the horse.

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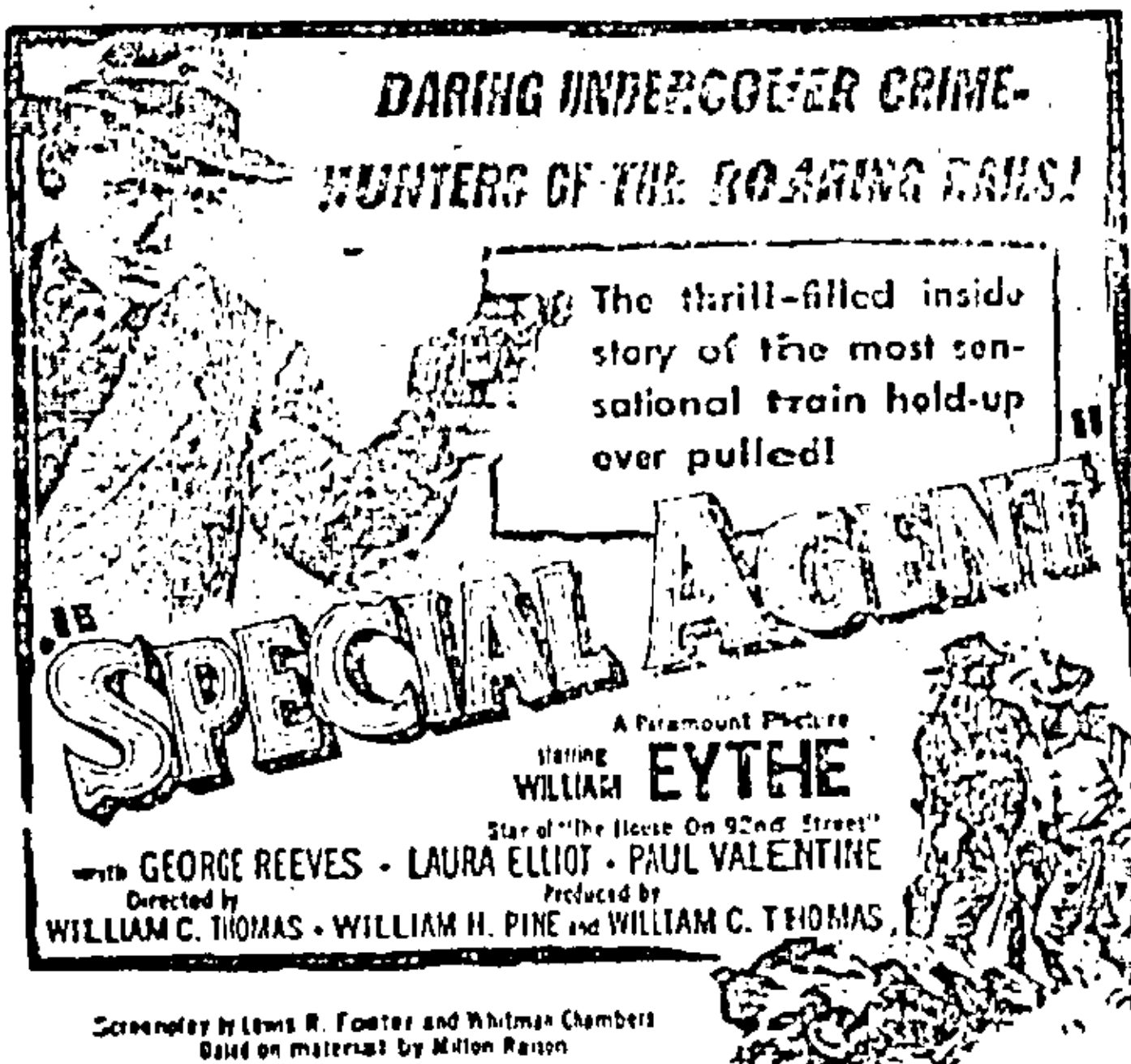


"The Third Man"

ADDED ATTRACTION

LATEST ACTION NEWSREEL FROM KOREA
U.S. Artillery and Tanks in Battle Against the Reds
ALSO: AAA Championships — Air Hostess Competition — Explosion at Portsmouth, etc.

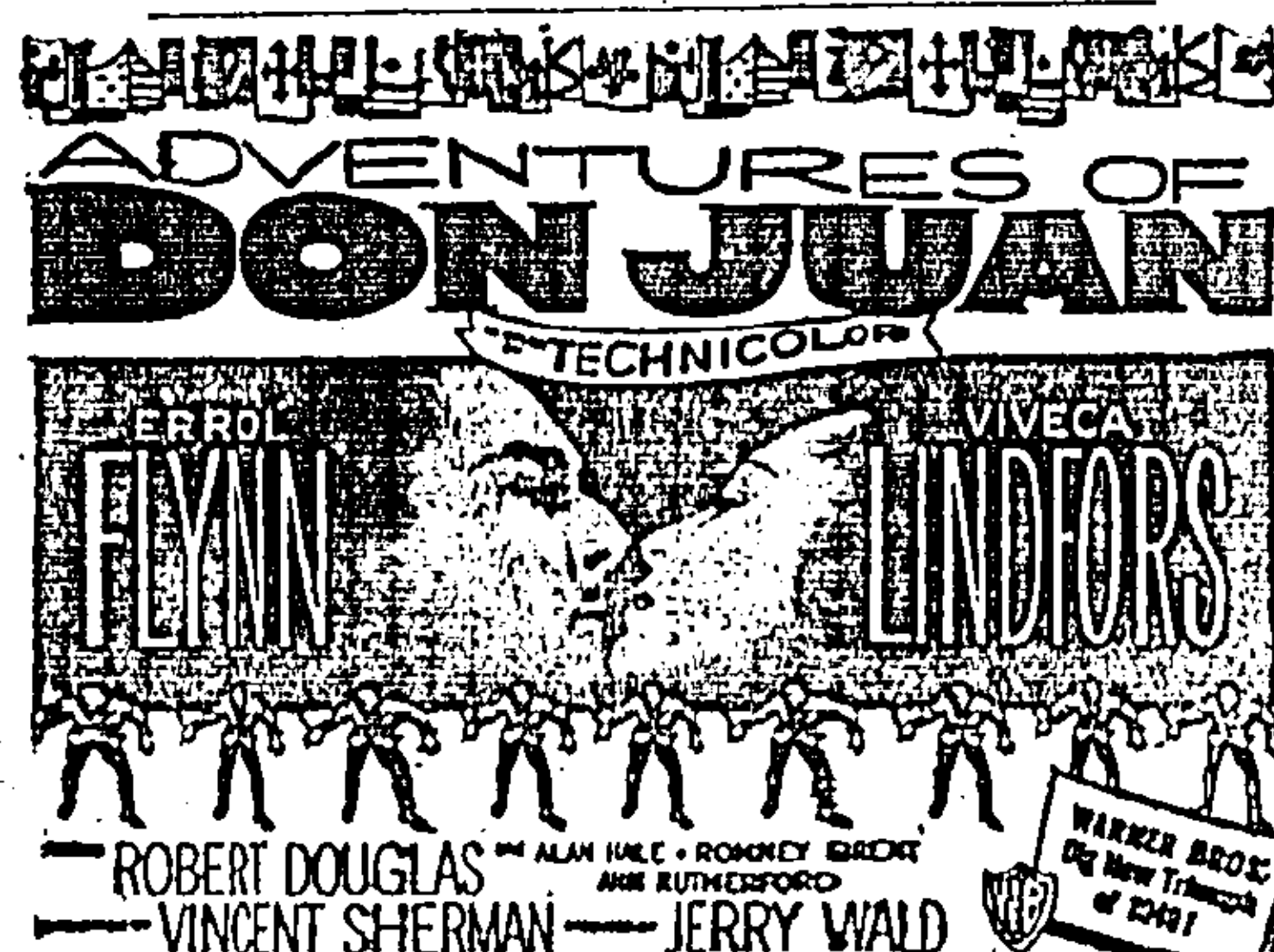
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Captured North Korean Weapons.
U.S. Carrier Forces Strike at North Korea.
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A THOUSAND MYSTERIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS!



THIS FACE

The People who made 'The Lost Week End' cut open the heart of a faded star—in a picture that will start the year's biggest film argument.



She dreams of a come-back to the screen—GLORIA SWANSON as the ex-film star of "Sunset Boulevard."

DO YOU SNIGGER OR SIGH?

I saw in London recently the advance copy of a film which will start a violent controversy between the over-35's, who remember the early Charlie Chaplins, the early Mary Pick-fords, and the under-35's, to whom even these film celebrities are just names.

The title of the film is "Sunset Boulevard," the star is 51-year-old GLORIA SWANSON.

Her decision to make the film needed courage, for the script was merciless. It lit up the life of a film star twenty-five years after the high-point of her fame. It showed with almost sadistic emphasis the rust and ruin of a personality known to millions in the old days before the cinema talked.

GLORIA SWANSON was herself one of the big names in the silent days; herself the embodiment of the very van-

ities and extravagances which the script was satirizing. And Gloria Swanson said "Yes." "Sunset Boulevard" is made by the team which did "The Lost Week End."

I predict the film will "split" the cinema-going public.

The over-35's—if they have a streak of sentiment and judgment—will find it a scorching, a supremely talented mixture

DAVID LEWIN'S Spotlight on Gloria Swanson

of modern movie-making and old-time melodramatics.

But for the under 35's—for them it may seem a faded remnant of long ago.

For how can those whose memories don't go back to the days of JOHN GILBERT and VILMA BANKY VALENTINO and BUSTER KEATON—how can they be touched by the mannerisms and manners of a vanished era in entertainment?

Yes, the young ones may snigger.

But the older ones will also sigh.

You know how sometimes outside a cinema they say, "Children will not be admitted unless accompanied by an adult."

There should be a notice outside "Sunset Boulevard," too.

Unless accompanied by someone over 35! It should say. Nevertheless it will be a pity if the younger ones take this warning too seriously. It will be a pity to miss the essence of a film when warps were super-warps and the films had never heard of "messages."

I'm still big," says Gloria Swanson. "It's the pictures that have grown smaller."

Maybe she's right.

Elder Statesman

ROBERT MORLEY, fresh from a world triumph in "Ed-



A leopard skin and champagne, a peep of thigh, an expanse of shoulder... and soft, soft cushions...

Vera - Ellen In A British Musical

The current production of "Happy Go Lovely" at the Associated British studios, Elstree, is a piece of film-making of unusual significance. It is a modern musical, a type of picture not often attempted in United Kingdom studios; its story is centred on the Edinburgh Festival; and its stars are players of international repute. For the first two of these reasons, the film is something of a pioneer effort.

This enterprise alone would cause the film to be one to watch for with some eagerness, but its producers have made an additional effort to ensure an international appeal by unusually imaginative casting. They have brought from Hollywood that brilliant and charming young dancer, Vera-Allen, to be leading lady, and also from Hollywood, to play an important lighthearted supporting character, that clever actor, Cesar Romero, whose appeal to women is unending.

And to provide a romantic opposite for Miss Ellen they have secured the equally charming David Niven, who in recent years has filmed very successfully in American and British studios and who somehow, despite his long Hollywood career, seems more naturally a British star.

SORT OF MICAWBER

Vera-Allen and Romero play theatre characters. She is a dancer in a small and not very prosperous musical show and Romero is the producer-stage manager, a sort of Micawber of the theatre. Niven is a wealthy but serious-minded young man upon whom Miss Ellen exercises her blandishments in order to bring prosperity to her show and, incidentally, some not too first welcome liveliness to the Edinburgh Festival.

Another current British production which has secured American co-operation as far as its cast is concerned is "Mrs Drake's Duck," which has Douglas Fairbanks and Yolande Donlan as its stars. Miss Donlan has for some time now been appearing successfully in London's West End theatres, but she is American by upbringing and all her early experience was gained in the United States.

URANIUM EGG

The film itself is a fantastic comedy concerning the strange events which follow the discovery that a duck has laid an egg charged with uranium. One is only relating the beginning of the complications when one reveals that the farm where the egg was laid immediately becomes a top-secret establishment with powerful military guards around it, and that the duck becomes the subject of international bickering.

At present a full unit of technicians is on location on a farm in Sussex in Southern England with Fairbanks and Miss Donlan, thus ensuring that the fantastic events of the plot will take place against the thoroughly realistic backgrounds of rural life.

POODLE'S DEBUT

Cliquot, Joan Crawford's famous white miniature French poodle, has a scene with its mistress in the forthcoming drama, "The Victim." Miss Crawford puts Cliquot through his paces in a dog show sequence.

WEEK-END SCREENFARE

Rebecca (KING'S & LIBERTY) is the oldest film to be seen this week-end and the best. Hitchcock has tried and tried again since he produced it to make it better. He has written other novels. Joan Fontaine has played in many more pictures in the past decade. It is a debatable point that any of the three have done better. If you have already seen it, it is still likely to be better on a second showing than any other film in town.

Malaya (QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA) gives you both Spencer Tracy and James Stewart and throws in some Malayan and Japanese for good measure, not to mention Valentin Cortes, Italy's latest contribution to Hollywood.

The film, Hollywood insists, follows the recent adventure trend in pictures as American women, who all American movie houses, having now decided that they are tired of romance, musicals and problem stuff. It is a rather well presented, a Viennese setting, "The Angel" with this trumpet.

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KING'S LIBERTY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

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VARIETY PROGRAMME
COLOR CARTOONS & 3
STOOGES COMEDY

LIBERTY

TO-MORROW MORNING
At 12.30 P.M.

FAIRYTALE
CARTOONS
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QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA

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VERY LATEST NEWS OF KOREAN WAR
(Just received by air)

★ SUNDAY MORNING SHOW ★

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS
"MALAYA"

Extra Performance
At 11.30 a.m.

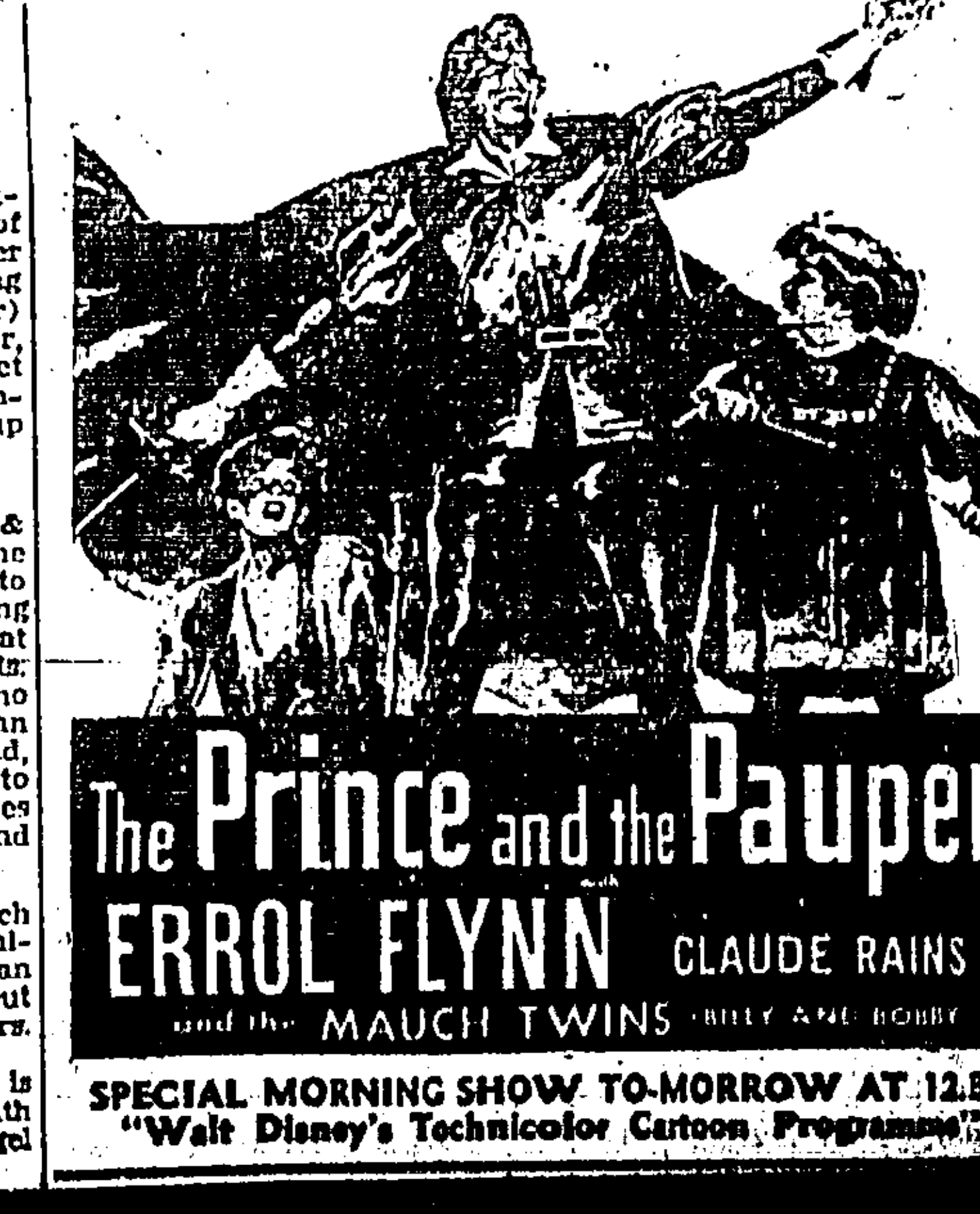
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Henry Fonda • Linda Darnell
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Take Any Eastern Tram Car or Happy Valley Bus
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Warner Brothers' Million Dollars Production!

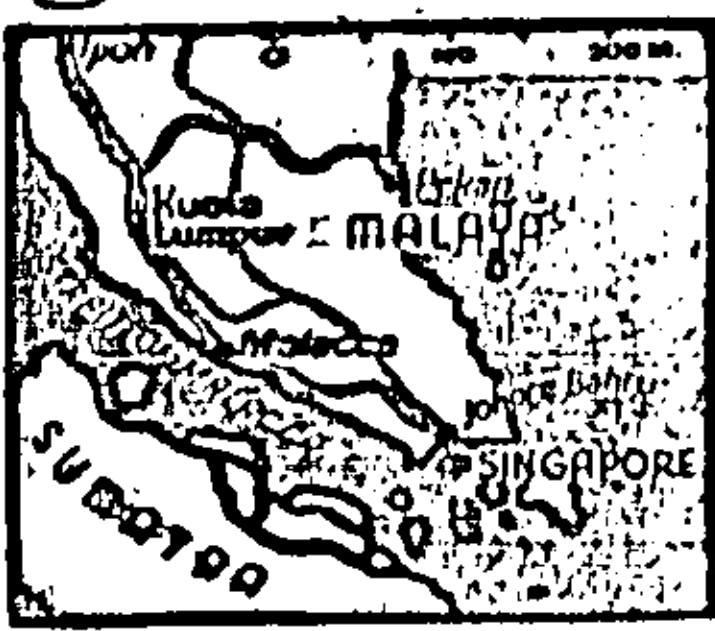


SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"Walt Disney's Technicolor Cartoon Programme"

Frank Owen

—AS INTEREST IN THE EAST SWITCHES FROM
TROUBLED LANDS TO DANGEROUS WATERS—JOINS
A SMUGGLING CHECK OFF JUNGLE SHORES...

We go hunting guns in



The Malacca Strait

tricky waters

MALACCA STRAIT.
THE eight sampans look like a caravan of camels on a desert skyline as they move in file across the sunset.
OUR OWN COURSE is set Nor' west.
OUR SHIP: H.M. Frigate Mounts Bay (Captain J. H. Unwin, D.S.C.).

CANON WARNER DEFINES A VAIN HUSBAND

"My husband has always earned good wages, but I have been given only sufficient to live on. To save I have had to give up all enjoyment such as going to the pictures. I hardly ever go out, do not smoke, and have never touched strong drink. Am I wrong in thinking that my husband should allow me more?"

THERE are few surer indications of a husband's character than the way he deals with the financial side of his home life. There are some husbands who have a deep sense of inferiority when they get married. This may be due to many causes of which the husband is totally ignorant.

When he gets married he has some kind of picture of the place he should have in the home as head of the household. If he is unsure of himself he will often show it by holding all the money-strings in his own hand.

By thus making his wife completely dependent on him financially he keeps her in dutiful subjection. This gives him the sense of power which basically his nature lacks. It pleases his vanity when his wife comes to ask for money.

A husband who feels no need to bolster his manhood by such crude methods will behave differently.

He realises that there are three directions in which all money coming into the home should go: first, housekeeping, rent, and all that is needed for the home and family; second, money which he can spend as he likes; third, a similar sum which his wife can spend as she likes.

Both husband and wife have the right to such sums, however small they may be.

Your husband earns good wages. His behaviour shows that he lacks confidence in himself and in his position in the home. Yours is a difficult problem to solve because the causes for this inferiority complex may lie so deep.

Take your problem to some wise counsellor whom your husband might be willing to see and who would put before him the unfairness of your position. You can also yourself watch for opportunities of congratulating and praising him for the good qualities which no doubt he has. If he comes to feel that you see in him things to admire, and that you are not one who incessantly carps and criticises, he might well come back to a better frame of mind.

(London Express Service)

HER PRESENT VOYAGE: A 500-mile patrol of the coast from Singapore to North Malaya.

HER TASK: To halt and search all ships within the three-mile limit, and see that no man or gun or bomb is run ashore to the bandit forces in the jungle.

Since the tradition and practice of smuggling in these parts are as old as Cornwall, it requires respectful study.

Towing the other seven sampans in a battery and the dingo decorated with fearsome fish-head paintings, and fitted with an outboard engine.

To her Mounts Bay's loud-hailer brusquely calls across the water in Malay: "Berhentilah! (Stop, stop!)" The caravan comes unthinkingly to rest.

Even when the Mounts Bay whaler, seven outboard and a coxswain in lifebelts, and an officer with revolver at belt.

The 'admiral'

QUICKLY we are alongside and aboard the "flagship" of the sampans fleet. The "admiral" wears a scanty loincloth and a large contented hat, and smoked cheroot, the last two of which he politely removes as he produces his own and the ship's papers.

All okay. So is the identity card of every occupant of every other sampan in his fleet.

So the whaler is in home. As many of our 100 men as can sleep in hammocks slung on the open deck, or lie on the deck itself. The night is clear, but the stars seem infinitely far off.

At two a.m. the engine-room bells awaken me. On the bridge is Captain Unwin, watching through binoculars two tall, ghostlike red sails, swaying in the beam of his searchlight.

Whaler again

AT the side of the bridge stands a sailor with mounted Bren gun. He watches too. Two decks below, the whaler crew stand by again. "Berhentilah! (Stop, stop!)" commands the loud-hailer. "Jatoh kayat (Haul down sail!)"

Down come their sails. And down goes our whaler again, our searchlight planning the junkies on the apartment of their beams.

In our boat goes Leading Seaman J. Winter, 23, born at St. Pancras in London, but taken at an early age by his mother to her rubber plantation in Sarawak.

John is the ship's invaluable Malay linguist. But he is no good tonight, for neither of the two men nor the boy in the first sampan we board understands our worst, being Chinese from far Ithacan Island.

They grin, produce no papers of any kind. Thoroughly we search, pulling up deck boards, peering in bilges. But we find no bandits and no contraband.

"Search number two," Tell both to wait while you return. When we draw a blank in number two, we go to the frigate's side and pick up the captain's Chinese steward, smiling Mr. Leung.

All found

NOW Mr. Leung is a main-hand Chinese, and has no affinity whatever with the Hainan mariners' Chinese. Still, all Chinese people understand certain things, like the British abroad. And very soon, squatting on the deck by the light of a lamp, Mr. Leung confers forth from his countrymen identity cards, ship's registration and fishing licence.

With smiles, jokes (still unintelligible), and salutes all round, our crew pulls back.

At 3.10, as lightning warns of a coming storm, our radar picks up a large, tongkan, or motor-driven boat, lying inshore. Now there is a drenching rain, a driving wind and a swelling sea. It is not easy to come alongside, or just tell them to wait.

Yet she has got to be "none over" and thoroughly, too. For while her papers are far from satisfactory, her "mixed cargo" is extraordinarily mixed, even for Malacca Strait after midnight: it is fish, bananas, beer, cloth, kerosene, ice, bricks, cement, rope, pineapples, tobacco.

Like Howe...

ALL this takes time to sort out, and Lieutenant Claude Upton does it as methodically as Bonnie Howe of Scotland Yard. Above, there is a curious half-circle fringe between the light and the vast blackness, like a rainbow of mist in a cavern. And then, late in the night, low merchantmen, and passenger slowly, silently by. "She was a Japanese," says Lieutenant-Commander Sangster, our frigate's Number One, when we got back at last, having taken our long-term friend in tow and into custody, to hand over to the police. "But she came so near and seemed so inquisitive, I thought she must be a Russian."

(London Express Service)



"Suppose we ALL said we weren't going to do any more wadding until we saw who won the war—what then?"

London Express Service

SIR EDMUND GIVES THE GIRLS 'GLOSS'

By EVE
PERRICK

FROM one of the stately homes of England—one which is unfortunately in a rather inaccessible spot in Norfolk and therefore not a paying proposition as an open-to-the-public at 2s. 6d. a head venture—a dignified cream and gold brochure is being sent out.

The home is Oxburgh Hall, built as a manor house in Norman times by OGERUS DE PUGEYS and then in 1882 turned into a 100-roomed castle-type of residence by an early BEDINGFELD with a taste for large living.

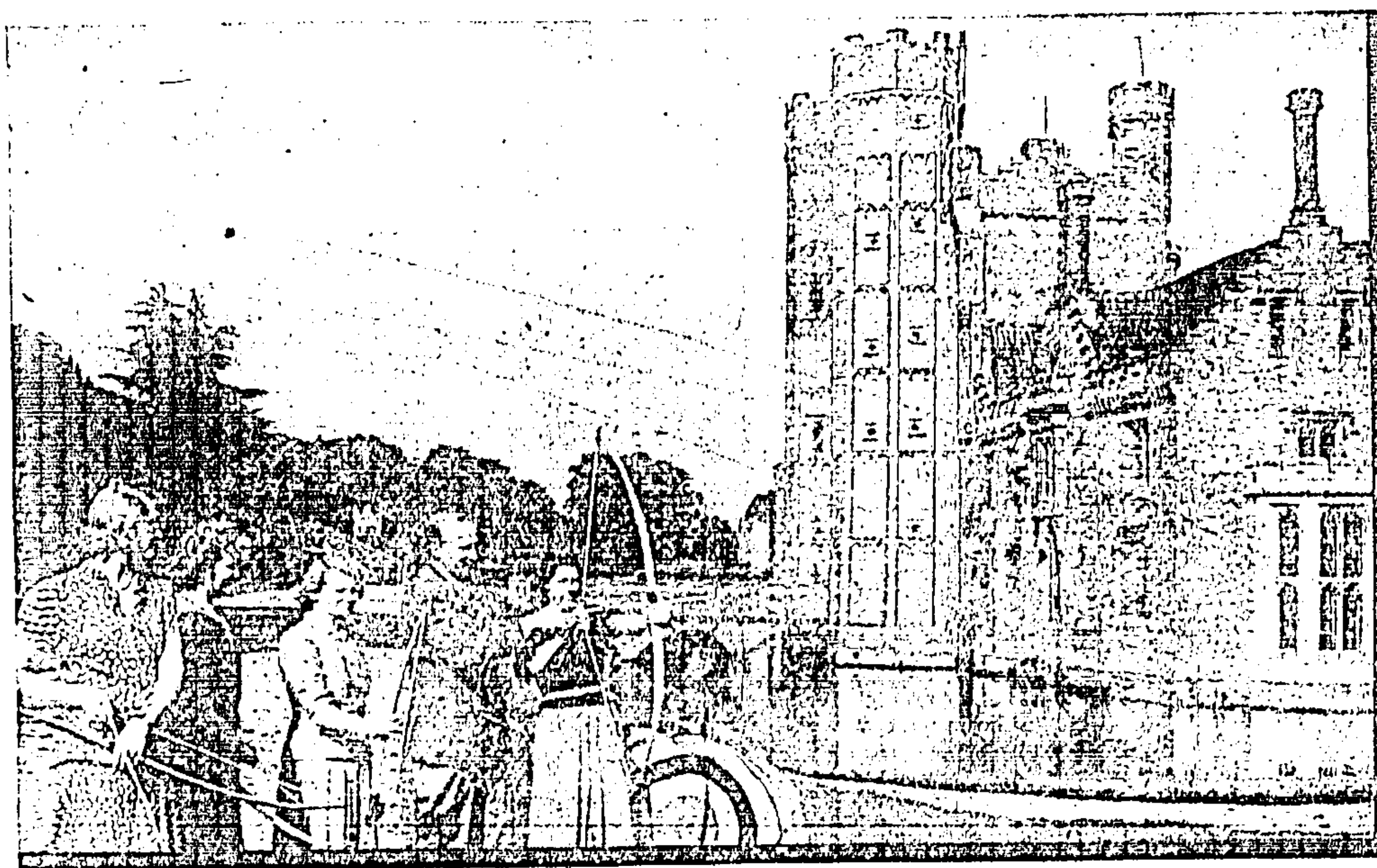
The brochure announces:—"SIR EDMUND and LADY PASTON BEDINGFELD—the present owner and his wife—take into their home a limited number of carefully selected young ladies from foreign countries, whose parents wish them to learn English and the ways of English country life in the genuine atmosphere of an old English country house."

In other words, the ninth baronet and his pretty wife Joan are trying out a new idea in solving the old problem of how to maintain the family homestead. Oxburgh Hall has become a "luxury" finishing school.

So far, just three young ladies are being finished there—NICOLE HANSON, of Paris, MARGARET SCHNEEBURGER, of Switzerland, and ELIZABETH HERON, of Malton, Essex—all 19 years old.

Guinea-pigs

Since Nicole and Margaret come from countries which specialise in finishing schools and Elizabeth has already been given the prescribed treatment for turning schoolgirls into grown-ups in a Swiss establishment, what the girls are getting at Oxburgh is not so much a



Elizabeth, Nicole, and Lady Bedingfeld watch Sir Edmund give Margaret a lesson in bow-and-arrow target shooting.

finish as a sort of super-shine on top of that.

This initial trio are, of course, the guinea-pigs. Pupils—

"Well, really, they're more like house-guests," explains her ladyship—pay £40 a month for board and tuition in one language; English for the foreigners and the natives have a choice of three.

From then on the school is run on a cafeteria system. Pick what you like and pay for what you pick. Chargeable "extras" offered include sailing, fencing, riding, hunting, painting, flower decoration, and a secretarial course.

Swimming and fishing—in the moat which has to be shared by an ancient trout named

Cuthbert—are free. Archery, under the personal instruction of Sir Edmund, is also on the house.

Extra curriculum excursions to see what is going on in the world outside are arranged.

Chaperon

Every Wednesday and Friday the Bedingfelds have the place to themselves while the girls go, alternately, to Cambridge for the Shaw plays and Norwich for the current offering at the local rep.

An English mistress, soon to be reinforced with a resident teacher, who will also act as chaperon, comes in to look after the foreign girls. For the rest, special tutors are on tap in the near-by university town.

Lady Bedingfeld takes the flower-arrangement class, and because it has a north light. The secret cupboards and other hidey-holes have come in useful for keeping tennis bats.

The elaborately carved and dropped four-poster beds, one of which boasts a spread embroidered by MARY QUEEN OF SCOT, are maybe a little awe-inspiring, but they are cooler than the dormitory cots found in most schools.

The girls' rumpus-room is the broadened salon, where they play ping-pong under the disapproving look of QUEEN ANNE, JAMES II. and the Bedingfeld who was killed at the Battle of Worcester, lying down on them from the walls.

Naturally, there is a room where QUEEN ELIZABETH slept. That has been turned

into an art studio—not because of its illustrious associations, but because it has a north light. The secret cupboards and other hidey-holes have come in useful for keeping tennis bats.

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Sex test—'100% certain'

THE CHAPMAN-PINCHER COLUMN

IT is now possible to predict the sex of an unborn baby with 100 percent certainty.

Doctors at Brussels' famed St. Pierre Hospital claim to have discovered an infallible test for determining the sex of a child as early as four months before its birth. After a critical inquiry at their magnificently equipped laboratories I am convinced that their claim is fully justified.

The test, which they stumbled on while doing other research, was explained to me by 32-year-old Dr. OLIVIER HUBERT, as we walked round the hospital's huge fifth-floor maternity wing. It is startlingly simple.

A sample of special serum from the expectant mother is treated with dyes, then examined under the microscope. If certain cells in the serum show up red then the child will be a boy. If they are blue it will be a girl.

Stocky, bushy-moustached Dr. FIERRE ROSA, the 33-year-old gynaecologist, who first discovered the test, has tried it on 10 expectant mothers attending the hospital. His predictions proved right every time.

The doctors advise against routine use of the test in their

scientific report to the medical profession. The test has caused no mishaps at Brussels. But it involves a slight risk which the doctors do not consider justified.

And as Rosa says: "Most parents are only mildly curious about the sex of their future children."

COPY-CAT

FURTHER proof that the sheep is the prize copy-cat of the animal world comes from Scottish scientists who have been studying its eating habits.

A sheep resting contentedly after a good feed will immediately jump up and start eating again if a hungry flock-mate happens to begin grazing near it, they report.

LIFE-SPAN

DOES the age of your parents when you are born have any influence on how long you live? The age of the father has no effect on a child's life-span, Finnish doctors report, after a study of this question. But, they say, having a young mother substantially increases a baby's expectation of life.

LEAD TROUBLE

A CLUE to the cause of a crippling and, so far, baffling nervous complaint called dis-

seminated sclerosis has been tracked down by Oxford University scientists.

They believe it may be an insidious form of poisoning caused by eating vegetables grown in soil excessively rich in lead.

While investigating six cases which occurred within 600 yards of each other in a Berkshire village, Dr. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL found that the gardens there contained abnormally high quantities of lead. And so, according to his colleague, Dr. H. J. HERMAN, do the teeth and tissues of people suffering from disseminated sclerosis.

HAT CRITICS

WOMEN'S hats came up for bitter criticism at a recent international meeting of bird-experts, I hear. Why? Because feathers from rare birds-of-paradise are coming back into fashion.

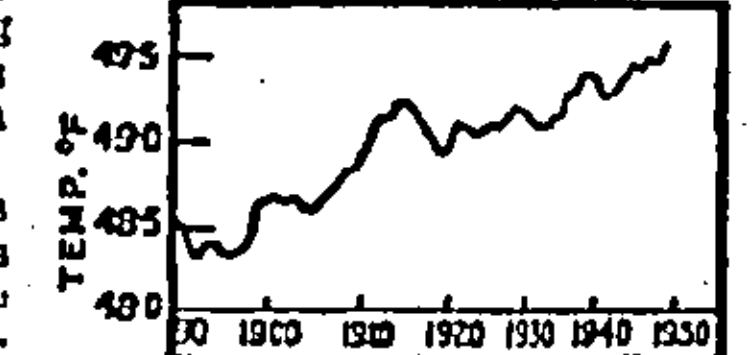
But womanly whims have uses for ornithologists. When Oxford University's Dr. H. N. SOUTHERN wanted to catch a delicate marsh-lark without injuring it, he trapped it—in a woman's hat-net.

HOTTING UP

FOR those hard-headed pessimists who still doubt that Britain's climate is steadily hotting

up, I present this chart of average annual temperatures recorded at Oxford during the last 60 years.

There has been nothing like the current upward surge since



1840, says Meteorological Office scientist MISS LILIAN LEWIS, who compiled the figures.

PROTECTIVE

A SURPRISING method of protecting animals, and possibly humans against the effects of atomic rays has been discovered by Belgian scientists—giving weak injections of prairie acid.

UNLUCKY 17

I COULD hardly believe it, could I, when I heard a distinguished Italian professor of medicine refuse to deep in Room 17 at my Belgian hotel because that was his unlucky number.

His superstition was so strong that when the manager told him no other less sinister number was available, he left the hotel.

(London Express Service)

BROADENING THE PROGRAMME OF THE WORLD BANK

By T. W. KIENLEN

THE lending programme of the World Bank, which already has played a major role in the postwar economic revival of the Western world, is being broadened under the direction of Eugene R. Black, the bank's President.

Since starting operations on June 25, 1946, the bank has made 20 loans to member countries totalling US\$803,645,000 and ranging from US\$2,300,000 to Finland to US\$250,000,000 to France.

Until recently, World Bank loans predominantly have been in dollars simply because borrowers had to rely on U.S. manufacturers—who had to be paid in

dollars—for most of the things they needed.

Now producers in other countries are able to offer many heretofore scarce items. Borrowers often ask that loans be made in Swiss francs, Dutch guilders or some currency other than dollars.

Demand Met

In response to the growing demand, Mr. Black has recommended to member countries that they authorize the Bank to use for loan purposes currencies other than dollars, now deposited with the bank.

Under the articles of agreement of the World Bank, signed at Bretton Woods in July 1944, each participating country contributed a designated sum, of which 18 percent was in the currency of the participant.

Two percent was in gold, U. S. dollars. The remaining 80 percent of each subscription is subject to call by the bank "only when required to meet obligations of the bank."

Thirteen countries now have authorized the bank to use their 18 percent in the making of loans, subject to approval by the country whose currency is to be used.

Saving Dollars

These countries include the United States, which authorized the bank to use its entire subscription of US\$3,750,000,000, and the United Kingdom. Others are Belgium, Costa Rica, Canada, Denmark, El Salvador, France, Honduras, Italy, Mexico, the Netherlands, and Paraguay.

The ability of bank member countries to borrow currencies other than dollars and to buy the goods they need with currencies other than dollars makes possible the saving of scarce U. S. dollars. It has been the world-wide scarcity of dollars in the postwar period that has made it so difficult to make the necessary economic adjustments.

This shortage, plus foreign exchange restrictions in virtually every country, and the development of the cold war has kept the World Bank from realizing the actual goals set for it at Bretton Woods.

Big Lender

Instead of being a guarantor of loans by private agencies, such as banks, the World Bank has become itself one of the biggest lenders in the world, since it is able and willing in a time of uncertainty to face risks avoided by private lenders.

This change in the Bank's role was cited by the National Advisory Council in a recent report to President Truman and to Congress.

Noting the provision of the articles of agreement that authorizes the Bank to guarantee loans made through private investment channels, the NAC said:

"The original expectation that a considerable part of the Bank's business would take the form of guarantees of privately floated loans has not been realized in practice, under the conditions prevailing in the world."

Major Role

But, nevertheless, the Bank's loans have played a major postwar role, NAC asserted, because they financed immediate reconstruction when the war ended and are now financing economic development.

As an example, US\$20,000,000 in bank funds has been used in France, Belgium, and Luxembourg to rejuvenate and broaden the production of steel.

While steel still must be imported into Europe from the United States, nevertheless the investment of US\$20,000,000 in steelmaking facilities has had beneficial effects on employment and national income in those countries.

Similarly, India is using US\$72,500,000 for the development of electric power, a rail system and the improvement of her agriculture.—United Press.

Ancestral gaze

In the dining-room it's the stare of the first SIR HENRY. In the study it's the stare of the second. Somehow he seems to have a more benign expression.

"After all," says the present Lady Bedingfeld, "he should be used to young girls. He was Governor of the Tower of London when Elizabeth was imprisoned there."

Still, in spite of about 2,000 family portraits looking down their aristocratic noses, the new girls at Oxburgh Hall are winning through.

The Bedingfeld ancestors who lie under the chapel are probably doing enough grave-turning to make the burial-ground into a ploughed field but there has been only one sign that anyone is working against the scheme. The crown surmounting the Bedingfeld coat of arms on the headboard in the Paston Room has suddenly and inexplicably disappeared.

Fine training

Sir Edmund shrugs his shoulders. The plan to make Oxburgh Hall a seat of learning continues.

Lady B. says there is no other place like it in England. Certainly it should soon be recognized as the best training ground for young ladies who might marry into other "over-taxed" stately homes.

Where else could one get the necessary experience to show such customers round the place?

(London Express Service)

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Personally I don't really care to worry till we've told their lines of communication have become dangerously extended."

BILLY ROSE

He just changed partners

At Lindy's the other night the conversation got around to the subject of heels.

"Present company excepted," said a vaudeville agent, "who's the biggest heel you ever heard of?"

"My candidate," said Ken Murray, "is that guy in Sna Antonio who put ground glass in his wife's cornflakes when she complained she wasn't getting enough roughage."

"Kid Stuff," said Milton Berle. "My vote goes to Harry Ness." "Harry Ness?" said "What orphan asylum did he turn down?"

Well, according to Berle, Harry Ness (not real name, but pretty close) was a hooper who occasionally played circuit and who, when he did, was generally paid off in bercht. In spite of which, he seldom went hungry, and for this he had his over-worked wife, Evie, to thank.

★

EVIE wasn't much to look at, but she was devoted to the hooper and didn't mind running a switchboard to keep him in vim and vittles; nevertheless, though he would have been strictly from famine without her, Harry was always sniping at her.

His biggest beef was about her cooking. To hear him tell it, she was the worst cook who ever cut a finger opening a can of beans.

One afternoon, after gazing on a spinach pie Evie had left for his lunch, the hooper got out to make the rounds of the book-lending office, and at one of them he got to chatting with an adagio dancer named Zelda, who was flat nowhere—but in the feet.

When she explained she was looking for a new partner, he gave her to understand her worries were over.

★

AFTER a few weeks of rehearsal, the new act was ready, and for a tryout Harry talked himself into a date at a minor Catskill Mountain resort. He said nothing to Evie when he packed his bags that Friday, but he was sure he would never again set eye on his dowdy dame.

The act opened on Saturday and you could have heard silence which greeted it with a damp rag. The hooper, of course, figured there were only two things wrong with it—his partner and the audience.

A few mornings later, while reading a copy of Variety in bed, he ran across a headline which made his eyeballs do a number: "HOOFER'S HIT! MEET COPS' QUIZ CASE!"

The article went on to report that the wife of Harry Ness had suggested the name of a mystery song and been awarded 2000 dollars.

Within the hour, Harry had checked out of the hotel, leaving a tender note for Zelda: "Sorry, baby, the act stinks and I miss my wife." And just before boarding the train, he wired Evie that he'd be back at six that night and missed her something awful.

★

ALL the way to New York, the hooper kept thinking about what he was going to do with the two grand—there was that powder-blue gabardine in Nat Lewis's window; there was that tortoise-ranger; he'd been meaning to date as soon as he got his hands on a few bucks; most important of all, there was the restaurant where a man with his kind of cabbage could give his palate a workout.

But when he got home, he found neither hair nor hennin of little Evie—only a note on the kitchen table:

"Dearest Harry, like you always told me I knew all along I was not good enough for you, and now that I got hold of a little cash money I am going to Nevada where I can get a divorce, and not be a burden any longer. Goodbye forever and best of luck, Evie."

"P. S.—I left your supper in the freezer."

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"Last problem, Pop. If petrol costs ninepence more than it did and the basic ration is doubled, how many miles will a car go at the old rate presuming the carburettor is blocked and the family won't push?"

(London Express Service)

IT BECAME QUITE COMMON FOR ME TO WIN £30,000 ON A CARD: THEN ONE NIGHT I LOST A SUM THAT RAN INTO SIX FIGURES

They say a fool and his money are soon parted

by LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX

MEET my creditors in the Official Receiver's Office in Bristol recently and admitted I owed them £18,168.

No doubt the world has gained the impression that I have squandered £500,000 and that today, through reckless living, I am on the rocks with a mere £543 to my name. That sum was stated to be my assets.

I have been invited to explain my financial troubles. I have already admitted in public that I was a great gambler.

They say that a fool and his money are soon parted. This article, then, must be in part the confessions of a "fool." But the only reason why I agreed to write these words is to correct the idea that all my life I have been just a spendthrift. This is not true.

The first point to clarify is that only a small proportion of my debts are owed to local tradesmen in my home district of Chippenham. I have run up no unpaid bills for luxuries from local shops. No small man will suffer.

Secondly, I want to emphasise that the factor which brought matters to a head is that I spent £4,000 on improving my manor farm near Chippenham, which is family trust property, but which as tenant for life I was entitled to improve.

£Million myth

MY creditors in this matter brought me to the bankruptcy court as my trustees refused to pay for improvements. I am not, however, a bankrupt. I am optimistic about my finances being put on a sound footing again.

For all my wild-out sowing I am far from broke, and within three years I hope to discharge my liabilities in full.

All my adult life I have been haunted by the hope being under the impression that I inherited £1,000,000 from my grandfather, when I succeeded to the title in 1927. I was then 18.

This million pounds is a myth. The amount was about £500,000 but after double death duties were paid I received £300,000, and out of this I drew up a marriage settlement of £150,000.

The balance I kept free and gave my family and some friends about £50,000, I won nearly £70,000.



Lord Brougham and Vaux

People read with incredulity a report from Cannes in 1931 saying that I had mislaid £8,000 in two despatch cases after depositing another £16,000 in a bank at Cannes—all winnings from a week's playing. This was correct.

Only very occasionally did I lose. But when I did I enjoyed it, since there was a satisfaction in seeing some of those whom I had earned get back a little of their money.

I rarely celebrated when I won, but always when I lost, usually buying myself a new car.

Losses stunned

THIS soft-heartedness towards losers proved my undoing. One evening in Cannes in 1932 I foolishly agreed to take the open bank at baccarat for the night.

A Greek syndicate had been running it, and I had been winning large sums from them, now amounting to a considerable fortune.

I believe only a few people have ever been so rash as to take on the bank single-handed.

I was 24 years old. In that one night—in four hours—I lost a sum that ran into six figures.

As I left the casino I felt stunned. I suddenly realised that I had lost not only all my winnings of the past two years, but the bulk of my inheritance.

Gambling secret

NOW luck deserted me. Racing bets went wrong, and I was soon heavily in debt to bookmakers.

I was a fool who had enjoyed himself hugely. Gambling is exhilarating, and the secret of success is never to hesitate in plunging. You must not ask yourself, "Can I afford this?" if

you do you break the spell of luck.

Shortly after my return to Britain I decided to stop gambling. I sold all my horses. My family came to my assistance and enabled me to get straight.

From that day I have had only three bets on horses—never more than £5—and I have successfully tested my will-power by looking on at the cashiers as a mere spectator.

Most of the cash left at my disposal I tied up in a trust which cannot be touched until my eldest son comes of age in October 1953.

I admit I enjoyed myself while my extravagance lasted—and so did my friends, for I gave away money generously, often £1,000 at a time.

Never lent

THE MONEY I won meant nothing to me except that it enabled me to help unemployed families and do other good deeds which I shall not name.

I dispensed extravagant presents. I gave £5,000 to get a friend out of debt. I made a point of never lending, I always gave.

But although I had reformed, more misfortune came.

A good deal of my property in London was destroyed in the blitz, and increased taxation reduced the income from the money settlements which I could still draw on.

When I came out of the Army in 1945 I had about £5,000 of debt.

Friends started me up again, and it is to them I owe most of the £10,000 outstanding today, but they have never pressed me.

Life I love

I HAVE now embraced the simple country life I love. I farm 500 acres at Sheldon Manor, but live in what was the groom's cottage. I work hard on the farm.

I want nothing more for myself. I draw £3 a week from the company which runs the farm, plus a share in the profits, and I also have my trust income.

I am thus in the ironical position of having enough to live on yet being unable to pay my debts.

What do I regret? I regret that through my early profligacy I am now unable to leave everything that I could have left to that star.

Undoubtedly my extravagance has left a slur on my family name. I am 40, and in the years before me I hope to wipe out that slur.

I shall not rest until everybody to whom I owe money is paid.

(London Express Service)

Some stag party—I got soaked!

BRIDGE OF ORCHY.

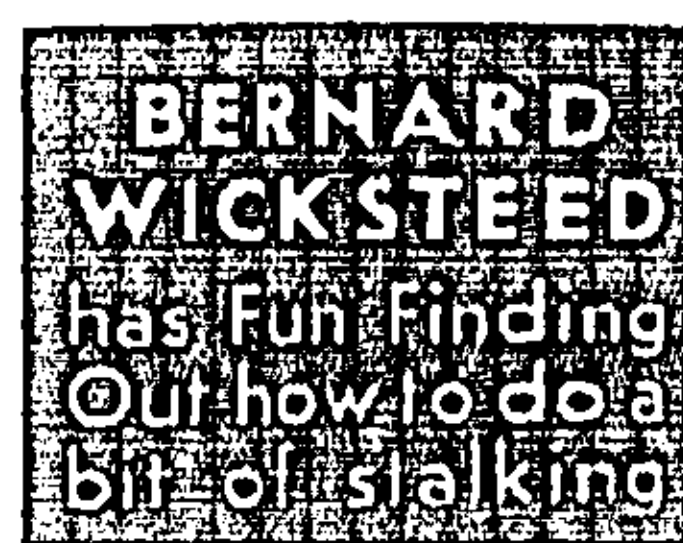
I have just added to my experiences of foreign travel by penetrating far into the Scottish Highlands.

It is a magnificent spectacle. On all sides are the Cairns and gorms, the bairns, glens, and bens, and everything else thrown in, lock, stock and barrel.

But the purpose of my journey was to satisfy a long-held desire to stalk a stag.

Have you ever stalked stags? Some people do it in order to shoot them, others to photograph them. My purpose was to get one at bay and interview it.

The stags in Scotland live in deer forests. Usually there isn't a tree in sight, but it is still called a forest.



BERNARD WICKSTEED

has Fun Finding Out how to do a bit of stalking

The way to stalk a stag is first to pick one out on the mountain with a telescope (spying is the technical term), then walk for several miles in the wrong direction.

This is so that you can get into a position from which to approach him without being seen or scented.

It's costly

WHEN you get near at last you start crawling on your tummy like a Red Indian, taking advantage of every hollow, rock and clump of heather. In the process you get bruised all over and soaked to the skin and covered in peaty mud.

Yet people pay enormous sums of money to undergo the experience. Before the war they reckoned it cost about £25 to shoot a stag and some people bagged scores in a season. It probably costs a lot more now, but no one has dared work it out.

Once it is shot a stag is worth around £8. It weighs about 160lb, dressed and the meat fetches 11d. a lb. officially and 1s. 3d. in the black market.

By tradition all the insiders of the deer belong to the professional stalkers who accompany the sportsmen. They are called humpies, hence humble pie.

His fags

HELPED by a professional stalker I got near to a stag sitting under a rock. Two young stags were keeping watch for him, rather like fags at a public school.

The fags, announced us by starting to run, and the old stag was about to rise when I said "Don't get up, sir. I've only come to interview you."

When I was in Cyprus recently I was taken to task by a local newspaper for writing about monks instead of potatoes. Not wishing to make the same mistake in Scotland, I asked the stag what he thought about Home Rule for Scottish deer.

He said he didn't ken much about that, but he'd heard there were some very good jobs for deer in English parks. English park deer are bigger, have better antlers, and live longer than the deer in the Scottish so-called forests.

Before the war, he said, the keepers in Scotland used to give them mals to eat in the winter, and that improved their antlers, but now they got nothing.

Growing a new set of antlers every year was a great strain on a fellow in these days of austerity.

'We eat them'

STAGS lose their antlers in April, and I asked him if this took a weight from their mind.

On the contrary, he said, it was most disconcerting. You'd be jumping over a rock or something and suddenly bang would go one of your antlers. Like a jockey coming off a horse. You'd jerk up your head to see what had happened, and off would come the other.

What did they do with the antlers when they'd cast them? Well, he said, we usually eat them. There's a lot of calcium in them, you know, and we need that to grow a new set.

We stalked and talked for a little longer, and then the stag said he must be awn' the no, but if I heard of any vacancies at Richmond Park or Windsor would I let him know?

And so with his two fags in attendance he bounced off down the mountain for drink with the boys at the burn.

(London Express Service)

American Newscope:

THE'S IRISH AND THE'S LUCKY

By NEWELL ROGERS

THE luck of the Irish runs strong and full in Texas or, at least, for one Irish-American.

His luck is lubricated by oil for warplanes and tanks in Korea, the millions of cars on America's highways, and a £1,850,000 loan.

The loan, by the largest U.S. insurance company, the Metropolitan, is to "the richest man in America." He is Glenn McCarthy, the Texas oil multi-millionaire.

His fortune is estimated at from £25,000,000 to £80,000,000. But most of it is underground—perhaps 200,000 million barrels of oil, by his own estimate.

The U.S. oil industry had an over-production crisis. McCarthy could not sell oil. He needed cash. Korea changes all that.

With the loan he can develop his 12,500-acre new oil field— one of the richest strikes in recent years. The crude oil output is running at 5,435,350 barrels weekly.

Prices are going up. Texans said McCarthy would kill himself by overwork, go bankrupt, or become the richest man in the world. Now they favour the third prediction.

Will the Korean war spread? Both the United States and UNO are betting it will not.

On a national broadcast the Security Council president, Arno Sunde, of Norway, and delegates of America, Australia, and Holland risked their reputations as diplomatic seers by predicting that the fighting can be confined to Korea.

They believe there will be no atomic war.

Washington believes that the same conviction was behind Truman's smile of confidence at his last press conference.

His military men are said to have told him that the chances against World War III now are ten to one.

Says a confidential Washington memorandum to worried business men: The odds are against it.

Queues formed in New York—volunteers for the Korean war. It was the same in all the big cities. Said Los Angeles mayor recruiting officer: "We are swamped. Instead of 30 a week, we are getting 30 a day." Women are in the queues, too—American ex-Wrens and ex-Waifs.

And recruiting officers expect more with the news of the first atrocity murders of G.I. prisoners-of-war by the North Koreans. "Now we know there is a war on," Americans say.

for UNO. Under the system of rotating the chairmanship monthly among members, it will be Russia's Jacob Malik's turn. If Russia is still boycotting UNO, the Security Council will offer the chair to Britain's Sir Gladwyn Jebb, who would normally take it in September.

FIFTH AVENUE is turning against the short bob hair and boyish clothes. The dress-makers are planning a drive to get women this autumn into "Spanish" clothes. There will be an outbreak of bulldog jackets and gipsy skirts.

They say they are doing it because men hate the boyish look. But, of course, if dress-makers can get women to throw away their boyish wardrobes and buy entirely new "Spanish" outfits, the shops will be so happy.

SHAKESPEARE is to have a movie of his life made, partly in England and partly in Hollywood.

The man they think of asking to play the bard—Danny Kaye.

WITH THE groceries, housewives are able to buy a British saloon car at King's Supermarket in Plainfield, New Jersey. Tucked in between the tinned vegetables and the frozen-meat counter, three models are on display. Assistant's quote prices on them at \$5, a lb., or a total of £533 17s. each.

THE DOG DAYS of August will be a little embarrassing

A GAMBLING RING said to have taken 1,500,000 dollars (£383,700) a month in bets on baseball games was uncovered by the police at Culver City, California.

His friends tried without success to dissuade him from following Mead. After a very brief interval the company heard Mead cry out and then a trailing cry of fear. They entered to find Mead lying face down on the floor of the room.

"Someone had better phone the police," he said. Two police officers and a doctor arrived. The doctor discovered that a piece of cracked masonry had collapsed on the balcony when Mead fell to his death.

Reported in Press: In the fifth floor flat to some men friends to celebrate his coming marriage to lovely Sonia Vane. And Mead, who had been rejected by the lady, arrived uninvited. He was drunk and his mood unpleasant. After he had treated Sonia Vane, the actor was ready to fight, but Mead fell into the next room and slammed the door.

The police took statements from the company, and heard from Mead's secretary that the French doors were always kept locked with the key in the lock. They found only Mead's fingerprints on the handle of the French door.

There were no fingerprints on the key, though the key was found in the keyhole. There were no fingerprints on the key, though the key was found in the keyhole. There were no fingerprints on the key, though the key was found in the keyhole.

(Continued Page 13)

CRIME QUIZ

by Leonard Gribble

DEATH AT THE PARTY



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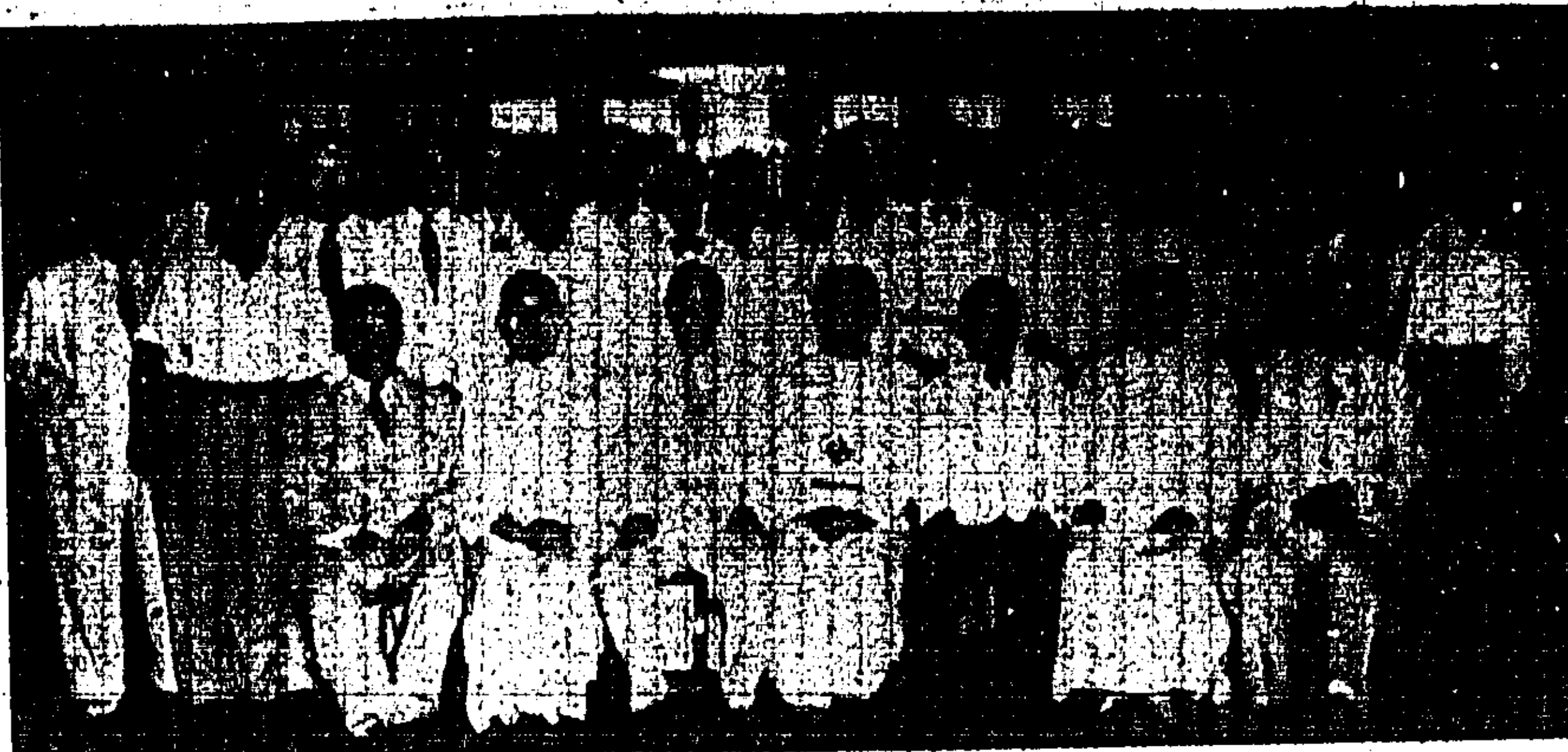
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(Continued Page 13)



FRIENDS of Captain and Mrs J. Chisna'll who attended the christening of their infant son, Robin Michael, at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association at a dinner given last week at the Kam Ling Restaurant in honour of Mr Kwok Chan and Mr E. C. Fincher (seated third and fifth from left), who were recently appointed to the Urban Council. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Arthur Duncan Breingan and his bride, formerly Miss Valerie Joanna Kulbacki, who were married at the Registry last Saturday. Below: Mr and Mrs Breingan receiving the congratulations of friends at the reception, held in the American Club. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



A SMALL part of the large crowd watching the ballet numbers (left) presented by pupils of Miss Axalea Reynolds at the dance in aid of the Hongkong Anti-Tuberculosis Association at the Hongkong Hotel last week. The dance was sponsored by the Chinese Club. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Director of Medical Services, Dr the Hon. I. Newton, buys a token at the Chinese Club dance in aid of the Anti-TB Association. Left: Mr Dick Shim, Mr Potor Sin and party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MISS Winnie Wei, who won first prize for sopranos at a schools' musical contest held at St Paul's College last week. (Sun Ying Ming)



GROUP picture taken at a party given by Wollesley II Lodge, RAOB, at the Married Families Club, Kai Tak. (Jimmy Foo)



THE Hongkong Branch of St John's University Alumni Association held a picnic in the grounds of St Stephen's College, Stanley, last Saturday. Above is a group picture of those who attended, and, on top, a snapshot of the father-and-son race, one of the most amusing events on the afternoon's programme. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

A Tale Of Gloved Beauty



White mesh...



White mesh with a navy blue finger inset.

Pink nylon...



Dusty pink nylon with the two-fold flounce.

—(London Express Service)

Dots, frills, and mesh... That is the latest news in gloves. You can buy them in nylon, pique and fine or broad mesh... flounced, embroidered, sequined or in multi-colours. The three styles (shown here) picked by Barbara Goalen are among the season's gayest. The picture above by John French shows her wearing a pair in pale blue spotted voile. The gloves are washable, look best with plain dark outfits.

Perfume Allure

By HELEN FOLLETT

PERFUME dramatises a woman's loveliness. The right kind, the elusive, enchanting scent, can weave a spell around a girl whose face and figure are only casually attractive; a strong, pungent scent can disqualify a really beautiful woman.

There are perfumes that are "cool" and there are others that are "warm." For this season of the year, you need not be told which kind to use. There are delicious woody blends that are perfect for the girl who travels over the golf course, who skips around the tennis court.

For wear in the evening when you dine and dance you can take your choice all the way from the single florals through elusive blends or bouquets. While the bouquets seem to be in the lead, if you have a romantic attachment for jasmine, mimosa, lily of the valley, violet or even rose, you will find them at perfume counters.

They will remind you of old-fashioned gardens, bring back memories of your childhood days and give you a lift. The wise woman will seek out one of these little kits containing complexion powder, bath powder, cream and toilet water of the same fragrance. This practice is a money-saver in the long run, and a grand satisfaction to the owner.

—Summer Freckles
If you, freckles are of the transient kind, that appear only in summer, you can keep them off the facial premises by correct cosmetic attentions. The skin that is kept creamed will not be likely to gather golden speckles.

After washing your face with a good soap at bedtime, dry it thoroughly and well, anoint with a cream of firm consistency. Give the flesh a three-minute brisk tapping, forcing the emollient into the tissues. Let the cream remain on overnight. In the morning rinse with clear tepid water, dry, sponge the skin surface with a lotion made by combining equal parts of peroxide and strained lemon juice. The peroxide must come from a freshly-opened bottle.

Let the lotion remain on for half an hour, then remove it with tepid water and apply a foundation cream. This cream, dried and abetted by a light film of powder, will act as a protective agent.

Never use soap and water directly before going out of doors or immediately upon coming in. Have your lathering sessions at bedtime.

SWIM SUITS & BEACH CLOTHES ARE WORN ALL DAY IN FRANCE

By SUSAN DEACON

AIGUBELLE
(South of France).
ON a beach where it is too hot at noon to walk barefoot on the sand... where to bathe in the clear blue water is like taking a warm shower, and where, in the evening, a mild Mediterranean breeze makes it possible to dine out of doors... it is here that hot weather clothes are seen in all their glory.

From strapless sun dress to bikini, the beach and brightly lit cafes along the coast are gay with colourful clothes worn by sun-tanned women.

In this sunny climate, the entire day is spent in swim suits and beach clothes.

Multi-coloured bikinis with minute brassieres, and trunks with side lacing which give the minimum coverage, are most popular with the French people holidaying here.

The British and Americans wear more modest swim suits in darker, more subdued, colours.

Shiny satin elastised suits are most popular with the British.

COLOUR SECRET

BEACH suits, in plain and patterned cottons, are mostly in three-pieces, brief, bloomers, shorts, short flared skirt, and brassiere.

Rag-a-muffin beach suits with slashed skirts are fun on the beach. Short fitted panties are worn beneath the skirt.

French women are clever in their choice of colour. They mix them so that they look bright but at the same time cool.

Their secret is to choose slightly darker shades of bright colours. If you want red, don't choose a bright pillar box red... a deeper, peony red is not only smarter but it doesn't appear to reflect the sun.

It is easy to pick out British women in the cafes at night or in sun-suits, by the massed all-over prints they wear.

The smartest, coolest looking sunsuit I saw, had a spaced pattern of fine black and white etched lines on a dark emerald green print.

A coffee-brown and black bold pattern on a white ground, made from seersucker into a three-piece play-suit which could also be used for bathing, was the smartest American outfit I have seen on the beaches.

It would be simple to copy this idea in seersucker in England, but before wearing it in the sea first wear it in the bath to ensure that the material does not go transparent in the water.

If necessary, line the brassiere top and trunks with nylon or silk.

BEACH GADGETS

BEACH accessories are sophisticated and cheaper to buy in France than in London.

Driving through the tiny villages sheltering in the

mountains behind the bay, one sees even the smallest shops selling brightly patterned shoes, Mexican wide-brimmed hats, and beach bags.

Other smart beach accessories I have seen at resorts along this coast are jewellery made from fruit and shells...

While plastic sandals with wide criss-cross ribbon ties, which fasten with a pull on the calf...

Black patent sandals with gilt studs are also popular for beach wear...

I have seen also beach coats in black cotton lined with bright yellow towelling, minute skull caps made from chicken wire and painted gold for evening wear, and huge transparent corset-like hats with opalescent brims.

ICE OMELETTES HOT

DRIVING through the vineyards to a small restaurant in St Maxime, I ate one of the finest meals I have had in France.

The chef gave me this recipe for Omelette Norwegienne, which is hot meringue with ice cream in the centre.

Soak a sponge round in kummel but don't make it soggy. Place ice cream in the centre of the round, and cover the ice cream with more sponge and kummel. Surround with cream and sponge with very sweet meringue, and put in a very hot oven for one minute.

—(London Express Service)

COPPER PLEATS



From among the first fashions in the new autumn collections comes this afternoon frock in copper-brown wool, pleated at the left side and buttoned over the hip.

—(London Express Service)

"Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses."

Is It True?

NOW that we wear gold-framed glasses for glamour, and rhinestone-studded spectacles for the come-hither look after five, it's hard to recall those dead but not dear days when our grandma quipped: "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses."

At girls who wear glasses, and reminding a bit further, pass up her best friends on the street rather than wear glasses that would permit her to see them? And when Father held the evening newspaper at arm's length because he thought eye-glasses would date him?

Mama—poor, proud Mama—carried mortifying glass around in her handbag and insisted that she certainly DIDN'T need glasses?

NOT BEING SEEN

Of course, to do Mama justice we do have to admit that until the first gold frames made their sensational appearance a few years ago, spectacles helped seeing, but not being seen.

Now everybody wears them, even the beach beauties who wear those decorative "dark glasses" not so much to protect their eyes as to focus other eyes in their direction.

Perhaps the film stars had something to do with demonstrating the fact that glasses are now very much inclined to be well, showy, flattering attention to girls who wear glasses. It was the very glamorous Joan Bennett who first created something of a sensation by blossoming out with a whole

wardrobe of vari-coloured, gem-studded glasses for every occasion and every occasion from day through evening.

DECORATIVE

The gold framed glasses are still quite popular for general wear and the wooden frames, so smart for beach and resort wear, are becoming increasingly popular for business and sports-wear.

Cocktail or evening glasses are sophisticated or sweet and vary from black frames dotted with rhinestones and black rims with solid green or white rhinestone temples, to those really massive gold frames planned to highlight jewellery.

The gold or silver beaded spectacles and those with gold heads or rib frames which many of the professional models wear, are also effective for evening wear.

There is the proper frame for every type of face. To protect your eyes under the blazing sun and at the same time it's the fashion to wear glasses, choose your frame according to the shape of your face.

● Oval: The top rim of the glasses should be even with your eye brows and as wide as the widest part of your face.

● Triangle: Frame has to be slightly rounded along the top edge to contradict the width of the face.

● Round: Choose angular shapes.

● Squarish: Either curving frames or a combination of straight lines along the top rim, curved lines along the lower.

Shorter and shorter go the skirts

PARIS COLUMN... by Poppy Richard



Sols de rose and blue printed tulle make this draped afternoon frock by Balmain. It is covered with a beige crepe coil lined with patterned fabric.

PARIS.
THE SUIT is favourite for formal wear in Paris at the moment. In the afternoon, at cocktail-parties, even for smart dinners, it comes first.

When is the favourite fabric, and in the colour range there is a wide choice. White—or black—still lead, with plenty of interest in flattering pastels.

Tight-waisted

Jackets have cleverly-cut lapels, important pockets. They are tightly-waisted and finished with extravagantly-cuffed short sleeves.

Skirts are generally straight, super-light, vented on one side only. At elegant gatherings they are growing shorter and shorter.

White hats remain the smartest to match with white handbags, gloves and shoes. Shoes are fanciful... a mere arrangement of straps which hold a sole to the foot, laced round the ankle.

Frocks are super-simple. Tussore leads; spots are the popular design.

One hat I saw had natural milk wound round the crown, pill-box style. It is mounted

on caramel-coloured veiling, tied lightly round the head to hide all the hair and held at the base of the neck with a grosgrain bow.

The same designer picks gay scarlet for a vagabond travel hat cut unevenly round the brim and trimmed with patches of felt, looped round the crown with cord.

New fabrics

Autumn fashion interest, at the moment, is mainly concerned with the showing of the coming season's fabrics.

Colour is brighter than ever. Soft furry-surfaced materials are dressed, although couturiers say that women prefer weaves that do not stretch.

Metal touches are smart again... in overstripping and checking, embroidered and

faconne effects. Most original use of gold thread is in enormous raised spots on a putty-coloured pilot cloth.

By contrast, the most elegant evening colour range is likely to be sombre. Smartest shade is midnight or navy blue. Black will also be chic—the two often combined—nigger, tan and scarlet.

The vogue for pure silk is finished either because raw materials are too expensive or supplies too short. High-class manufacturers have returned to rayon—the best quality rhodis yarn.

Nylon, too

Nylon is often incorporated in fancy weaves and has established an important place for itself among haute couture fabrics. Latest designs—flower-

heads and "blister" effects—are obtained by a shrinking process. Visitors to Paris are always fascinated by the shop windows. The French—with their ingenuity and imagination—are first class at presentations of this sort. This is the season of special "fortnightly" displays promoted by syndicates shop-keepers in the fashionable streets.

L'amour

Every year the Faubourg St Honoré chooses a theme for an individual display. This summer it is L'amour, which lends itself to all manner of romantic in-terpretations. Romeo and Juliette decorate one window, Tristan and Isolde another, the departure of a cavalier to the Crusades a third. There are cupids galore in the faubourg... love letters and love poems... frivolous love, coquettish love. An antique dealer has hit on Divine love with a display of tapestry, prayer-stools and lilacs.

A black silk-stockinged leg with a fuchsia satin garter is perhaps more in the picture... in a beauty parlour window.



White tulle and black silk make this evening gown by Balmain. It is covered with a beige crepe coil lined with patterned fabric.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

MODERN OR CONVENTIONAL

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

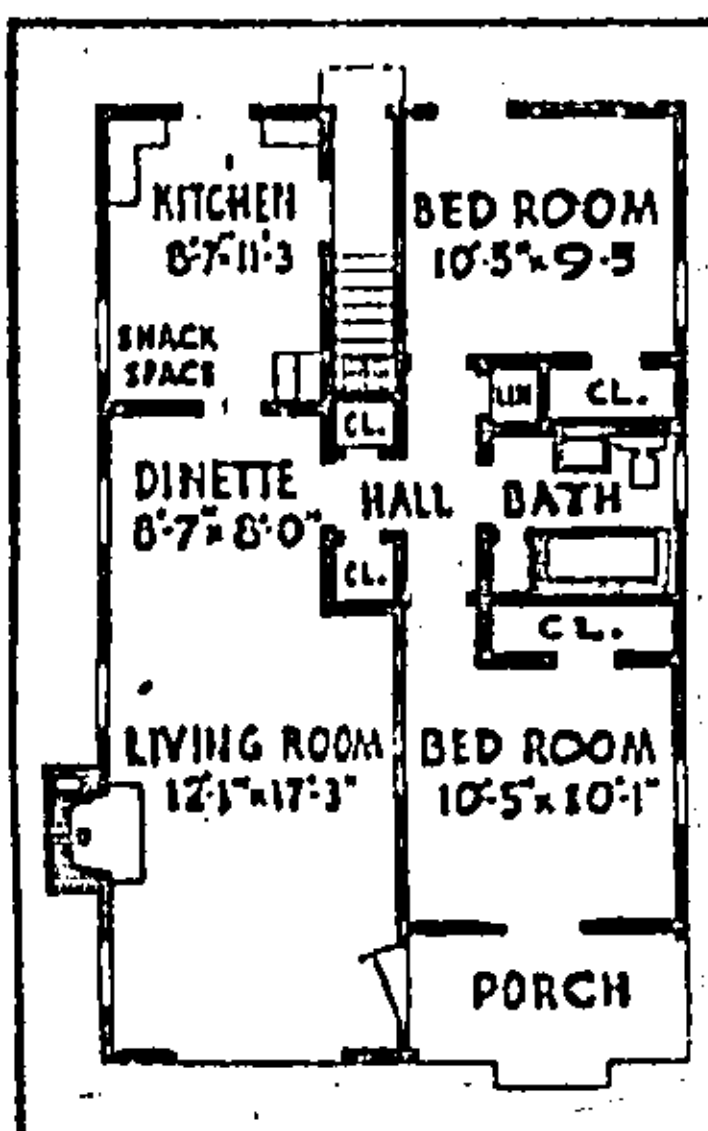
MAKE a wish, and if it's for modern mode, you can have this house with a flat roof and the low look that's 1950 news. Or, if your heart's desire calls for conventional, the same house appears with slant roof and cozy cottage charm.

Whatever the choice, the interior remains the same, and a delightful arrangement it is! Hallway off the dinette, which, in turn, opens into the kitchen. This efficiently takes care of three important functions of a home—cooking, eating, entertaining.

The living room and the dinette make a large combination room. There's a fireplace and three windows, one of them a popular picture window. The kitchen has a snack space that's just right for family breakfast.

Sleeping quarters are just as efficiently arranged. Pretty well cut off from the rest of the house, you enter them through a hallway off the dinette—and there are two closets in this hallway to take care of an overflow of wardrobe or storage. Each bedroom has ample closet space, too; in fact one closet runs the length of a wall. There's a linen closet, as well, and in the bath a storage space for towels.

The narrow width of the house makes the design ideal for a medium or small-sized lot. The modern home takes up 16,811 cubic feet; in conventional design, 14,224.



ROOMS are arranged railway fashion. Two bedrooms are connected by a bathroom. Living room leads to the dinette, which opens into the kitchen and the snack space.

How To Remove Burn & Stain On Fine Wood

By ELEANOR ROSS

A CIGARETTE burn on fine wood is a real sight. One good method is to use silver polish containing a very fine abrasive. If you work on it carefully, the burned spot should blend into the surrounding area.

How It's Done

Put a small amount of silver polish on a folded and lightly dampened soft, clean cloth—pad about the size of your hand. Stroke the burned spot lightly, working with the wood grain and covering an area at least three times the size of the burn. Don't be alarmed when the area treated becomes lighter than the rest of the surface. This is from the cleansing action of the silver polish. Apply furniture polish or wax that contains a dye. To conceal the lightened area, apply the polish as many times as necessary to restore colour.

Buff the Surface

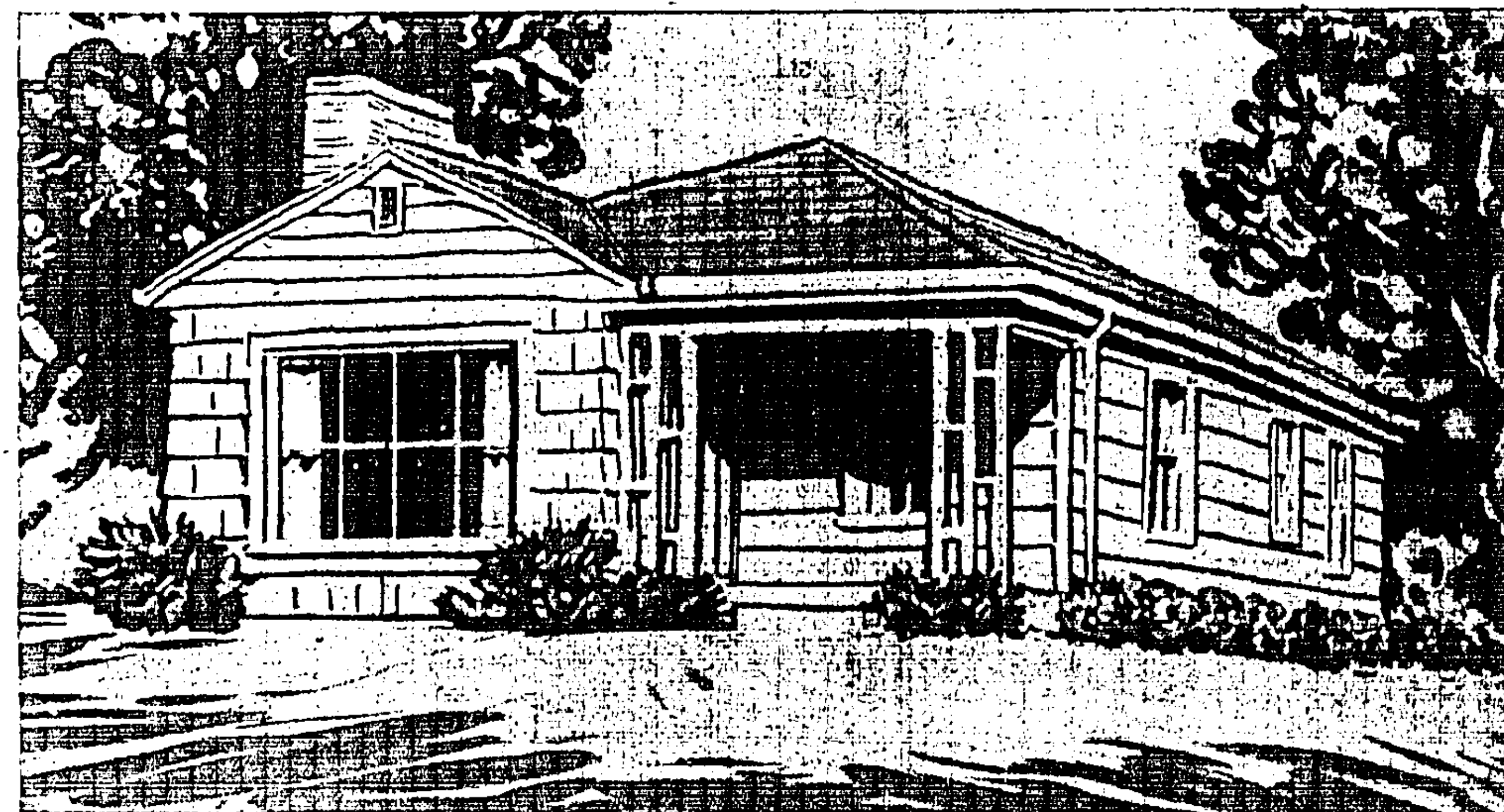
When the burn has blended in with the surrounding area, buff the entire surface. Should heat marks fail to respond to a polishing with furniture wax or a cream polish, try the treatment outlined above for burns.

When perfume, medicine, alcoholic beverages are spilled on furniture, blot the liquid immediately with a soft clean cloth, being careful not to spread the liquid as you blot. If, despite this, the surface is still marred or stained, work upon it as soon as possible, using the treatment for burns outlined above.

To erase water marks, place a clean, thick blotter on spot and press with a warm—not hot—iron until the rings disappear. Again, if this treatment doesn't work, take to silver polish, pad and coloured wax or polish as outlined for burn marks.



NEW AS NYLON, as modern as 1950! That's this house. The flat roof gives it the low look that's being featured in homes from coast to coast, notably in the popular houses of the Far East. Here's a home that's really different—striking, up to the minute.



THE SAME HOUSE, different treatment. Built in a more conventional manner with a slant roof, this home has a cozy cottage charm. The architect was generous with windows. They add to the exterior design and shed plenty of light on the interior. Note picture window.

Modern Medicine Makes Use Of Baths

By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

FROM earliest times, mankind has regarded bathing in certain springs or waters as beneficial to health. That this contained the germ of a sound idea is shown by the extensive use which modern medicine makes of baths, even though today we realize that, as a rule, tap-water is just as good for this purpose as that from medicinal springs. In other words, the effective element in a bath does not seem to be its chemical composition. We do know that the temperature of the water and the changes which various temperatures bring about in the body are beneficial.

For example, the application of cold water over short periods of time thrills and narrows the blood vessels in the skin. This, in turn, brings about paleness of the skin and chilliness. The cold also stops the action of the sweat glands. The amount of heat lost from the body is decreased, and the internal temperature rises slightly. The pulse and breathing rates are increased.

WITHIN 20 MINUTES

Following this, there is a reaction which is usually complete within 20 minutes. This consists of stretching of the blood vessels in the skin with

'BABY' WON TUNE OSCAR

The song, "Baby - It's Cold Outside," from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer musical "Neptune's Daughter" won the best tune Oscar. The hit smash was written by Frank Loesser. Red Skelton and Betty Garrett collaborated with handsome Ricardo Montalban and glamorous Arlene Dahl in presenting the tune at the awards presentation.

a feeling of warmth. Then there is a gradual relaxation of the body, with a slowing of the pulse and breathing rates, and a drop of the patient's internal temperature.

Similarly, heat will also cause certain reactions. The effects produced by the heat will depend upon the amount of heat and the way in which it is applied.

REACTIONS

Moderate heat will relax the blood vessels at the surface of the skin. Higher temperatures will be followed by contraction of the skin blood vessels.

After a hot bath, the rate of sweating may be increased to 50 times the normal amount.

Hot baths may be used to produce fever which, in itself, is helpful in the treatment of some disorders.

It is also known that the number of white cells in the blood increases in proportion to the body temperature. For instance, if the hot bath raises the body temperature to 101 degrees, there will be an increase of about 5000 in the white blood cell count.

Warm baths have proved beneficial in the treatment of aching muscles, symptoms of muscular fatigue, neuritis, muscle inflammation, and spastic contraction.

Warm baths, followed by cold baths, seem to be helpful for patients with low blood pressure and anemia.

Alternate dipping of the arms or legs into warm or hot and then into cold water may be helpful for improving the circulation in the arms and legs. Of course, such treatment should be carried out under the physician's directions.

Your Sewing Scrapbook

by Mary Brooks Picken

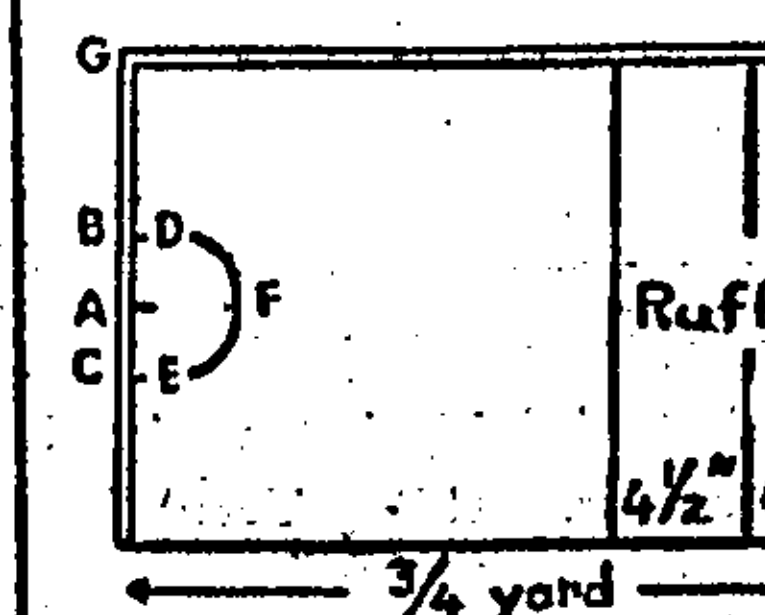
Ruffled Frock For Small Fry

A RUFFLED frock for the small fry is a delight when ironing is not a bug-a-boo.

This little tot's frock makes ironing over so easy. Ruffle at bottom may be of self-fabric or embroidery edging.

You need 1/2 yd. of 36" cotton and 2 yds. of ruffling (1/4 yd. if ruffle is same as dress).

Straighten fabric. Tear off two 4 1/2" ruffles crosswise. Fold material lengthwise.



MONDAY: THE LACE-EDGED BED JACKET.

Five Simple Rules For Tea-making

HOW do you make tea? There are five rules which must be observed, says Bill, of Fenchurch Street, E. C. the expert.

Bill—he asks—that his full name shall not be disclosed, to conform to a trade custom—is a tea-taster.

It is a job which can yield at least £1000 a year.

The first tea-taster in the family was also Bill—the present Bill's great-great-grandfather—in 1700 when tea was just becoming popular.

Since then the fathers have taught their eldest sons the art of tasting, and called them Bill.

Teaching his son

Now Bill is keeping up the tradition, and is already teaching his schoolboy son.

Here are Bill's tea-making rules:

1. Use fresh cold water.
2. Warm the pot.
3. Pour the water on the tea leaves as soon as it boils.
4. Put the lid on immediately.
5. Leave to stand for six minutes before pouring.

Amount of tea used depends on personal taste. Adding a second lot of hot water only weakens the tea already in the pot, if properly made.

25 years' experience

Bill is 50 now. He has been tasting tea for 25 years, but says he has only been an expert for ten.

"It takes at least five years to become reasonably proficient, and 15 to be an expert," says Bill, who tastes as many as 300 samples on a busy morning.

"Tasters actually rely 75 percent on sight and smell, and 25 percent on their palate."

"The tea is made in little pots with handles and lids, and is poured into cups without handles, similar to the first teacup, for tasting. But tasters do not swallow it."

"We couldn't keep going if we had to drink all we taste," Bill said.

'I like a cup'

"But I'm very fond of a nice cup of tea. I think sugar spoils it, but milk is essential to bring out the taste."

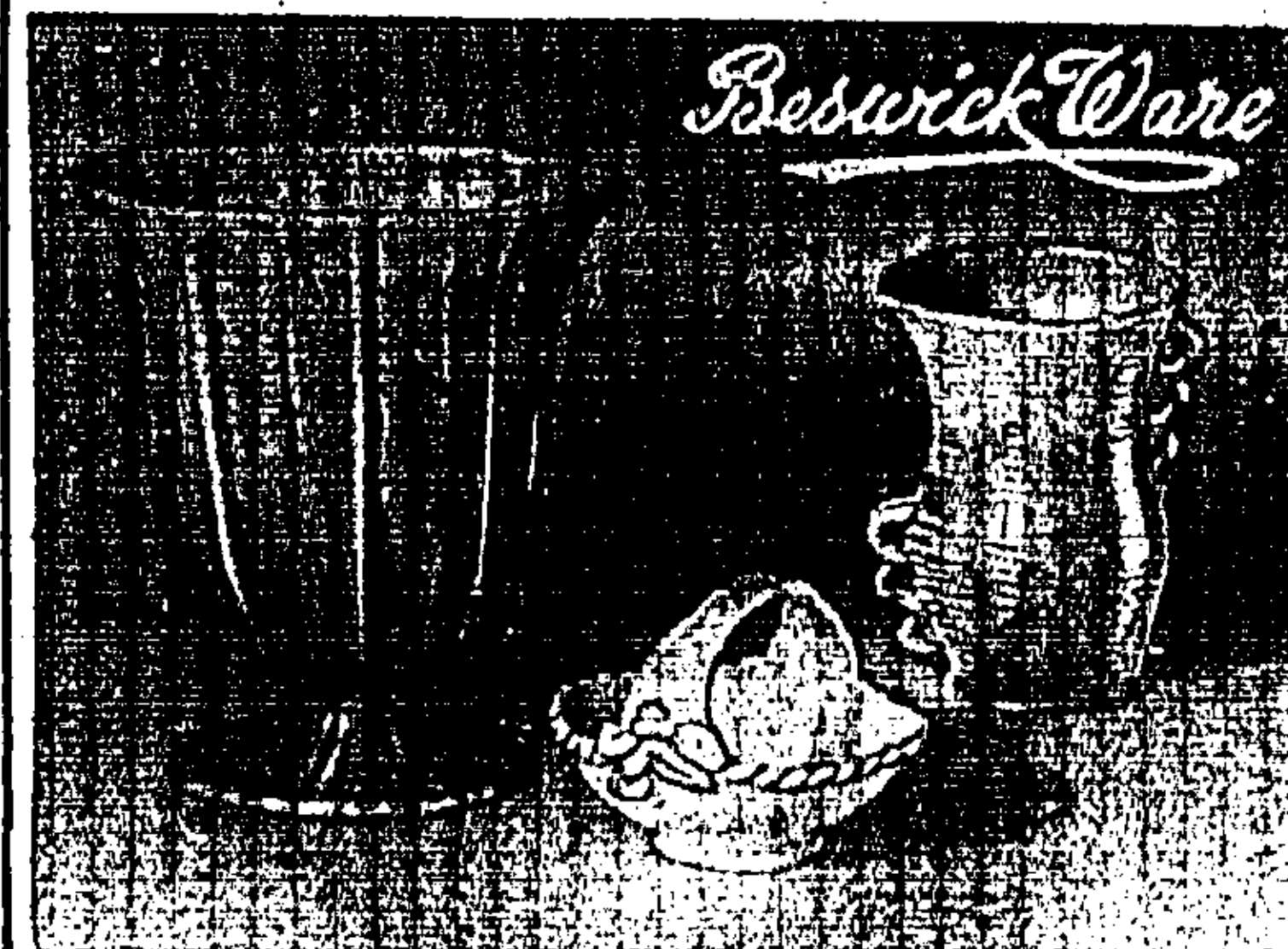
He is appalled at some of the bad tea which is sent to England these days and says housewives should always buy the best they can afford.

"It is economical really, for the better the tea the less you need. Also people don't realise the importance of making tea correctly."

(London Express Service)



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PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

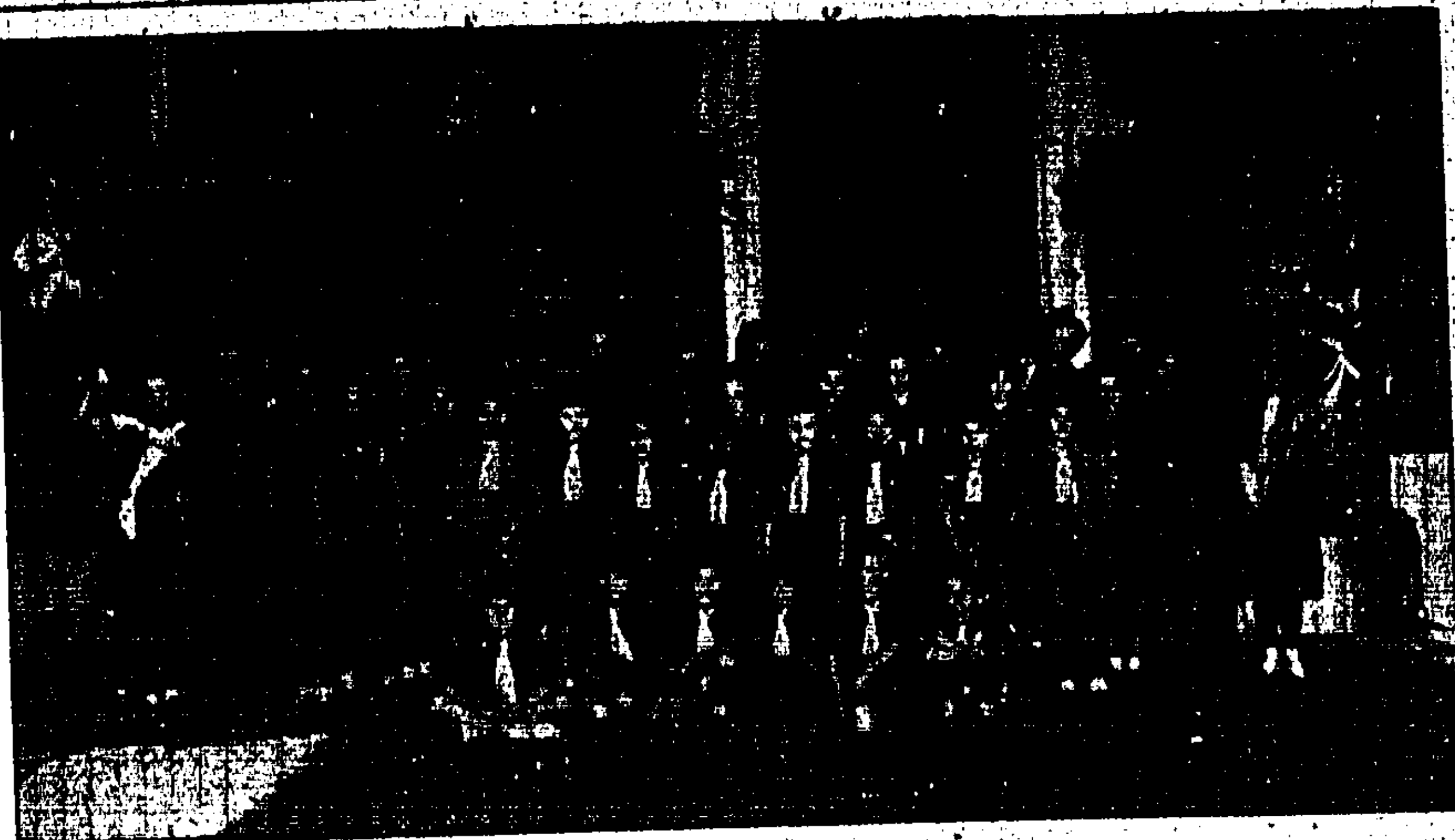
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THE challenge cup at the Colony Inter-school swimming sports, won by Wah Yan AM School, being presented to Cheung Kin-man, captain of the team, by the Director of Education, Mr T. R. Rowell. Left: the start of the backstroke event. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE 1st and 2nd Kowloon Girl Guide Companies and Brownie Packs at St Andrew's Church on Guide Sunday. (Mainland Studio)



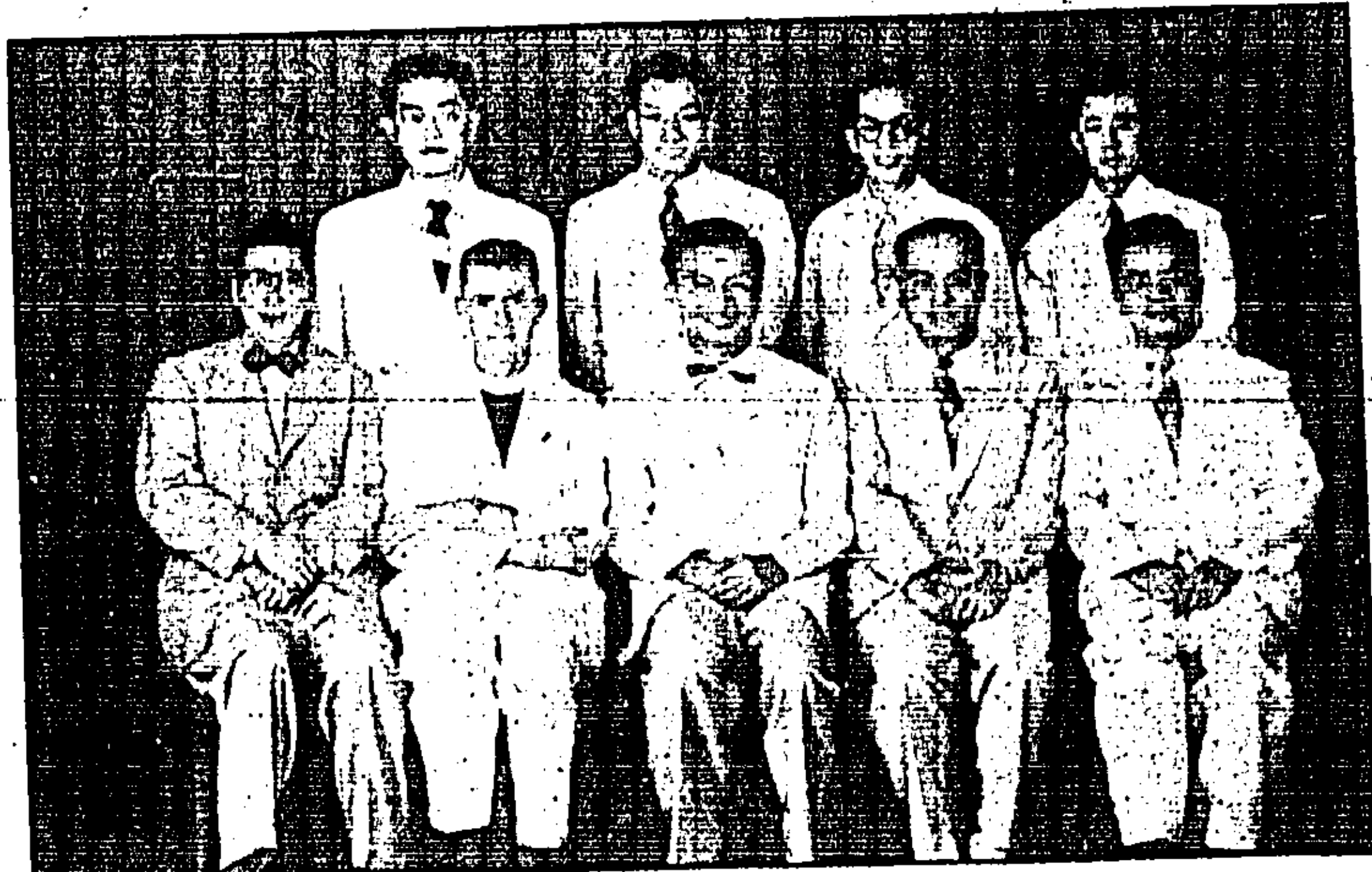
AT the Teachers' Summer School held at the Regional Seminary, Aberdeen, last week. Fr M. J. Morahan, SJ, is seen speaking at the opening session. In the front row on the right are the Hon. Sir Shouson Chow, Mr T. R. Rowell, Director of Education, and the Hon. T. N. Chau. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Society of St Vincent de Paul shown at their recent annual dinner held at the Catholic Centre. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR L. Starbuck, Assistant Director of the Royal Observatory, giving a talk on typhoons at last Saturday's jiffin meeting of the Wah Yan College Past Students' Association, held in the Hongkong Hotel. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Council of the Wah Yan College Past Students' Association for the year 1950. (Ming Yuen)



MRS A. McIndoo, wife of the Assistant Manager of Taikoo Dockyard, giving away prizes at the Taikoo Chinese School's annual graduation ceremony. (Ming Yuen)



RIGHT: Mr F. W. Dalley and Mr Jay Krano, of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (fourth and fifth from left), photographed with Hongkong Government labour officials and Chinese labour leaders after lunching with His Excellency Mr J. F. Nicoll, Officer Administering the Government. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP photograph taken at the Hongkong Chinese YWCA Volunteer Workers' Study Conference, held last week. (Mao Cheung)

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MISS Marjorie Bottomley (fifth from left, middle row), daughter of Mr J. H. Bottomley, of the Public Works Department, and Mrs. Bottomley, celebrated her twenty-first birthday last week. Picture was taken at the birthday party given at Peak Pavilions. (Ming Yuen)

LOVELY
NYLONS

By

Howard Ford



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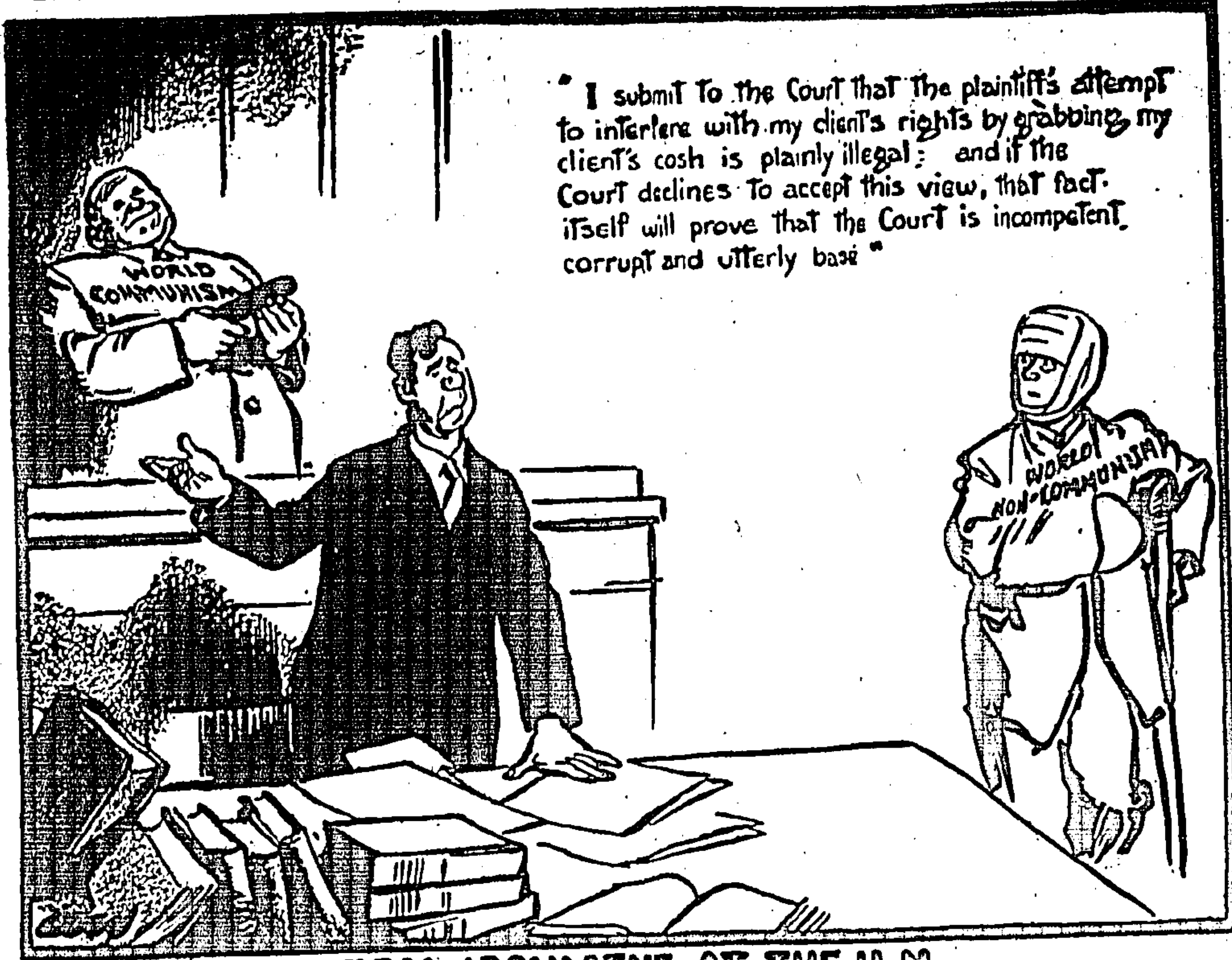
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LEGAL ARGUMENT AT THE U N

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International Crooks Fought By International Police

By Mark Priestley

ON the eve of arrest, a big-time embezzler slipped out of Britain on a cheap excursion ticket to Ostend, caught a night train to Switzerland and a plane to Madrid, and finally established himself with a phoney passport in a hotel in Mexico.

Five days later the local police pulled him out of bed and hauled him to prison. His lawyers assured him that extradition proceedings would never succeed. But they were wrong.

A wily Belgian jewel thief knew that close watch was being kept for him in France but he succeeded in entering England through the Southern Ireland route, and found himself lodged in a London gaol within 24 hours.

Both these swift victories against international crime were due to Interpol. The long-mooted idea of an international police force is now a fighting fact. From its headquarters in the Rue des Saussaies, Paris, the International Criminal Police Commission today spins a crook-catching web through 35 member nations.

Call-Sign

WITH the call-sign, IPCQ, it even has its own radio network based on 14 radio stations, implemented by new ones recently opened in Trieste, Luxembourg and Jerusalem. When an exceptionally skillful currency smuggler was arrested in Tel-Aviv, the Israeli police radioed a notation of his fingerprints to Paris as a matter of routine.

Interpol checked against the 35,000 names in its criminal record files. For quick reference it has the known aliases and thousands of fingerprints of all crooks likely to operate across the world's frontiers. The currency smuggler, they reported, had operated in Belgium and Bulgaria and was also wanted for dope trafficking in Bern.

This enabled the Israeli authorities to check on the suspect's dope-running activities, though hitherto unknown to them. As a result, they exposed a dope-smuggling highway running through Sofia, Istanbul and Cairo.

Customs Fraud

IN Greece six international racketeers devised an intricate customs fraud. Through stoops in the Greek customs services they embezzled nearly £200,000 in receipts before they divided the spoils and scattered.

As soon as their identities were known, Interpol got cracking. Teleprinters flashed descriptions and records. The police of nearly half the world's ports were alerted. Within two months, one of the crooks was picked up in Teheran. Two others were detained in Switzerland.

land, and a fourth man arrested in Venezuela, before the case closed, their confederates were run to ground in Cape Town and Rome.

In the same way, when two highly polished cut men were released from Dartmoor, they knew England was too hot to hold them and planned to resume activities in another sphere. They had reckoned without Interpol. Via Scotland Yard, its roving police chief, Louis Dugues, sent out warnings that they might work together, possibly in the guise of a wealthy Britisher and his valet. Crooks rarely change their methods. It was precisely in this guise that they tried to work a confidence trick in an upmarket hotel in Singapore. Perhaps they are still wondering how the police recognised them so quickly.

Crime Liaison

INTERPOL was founded originally on the Paris Surete's international bureau. After the war, however, the world's leading police chiefs realised they would have to tap international counterfeits, on men, thieves and smugglers on a global front, and at a decisive conference at the Hague they set up this crime-fighting UNO with the Paris bureau as its nucleus.

Codes and schemes of identification had to be standardised. At Scotland Yard a special world crime liaison section was staffed with linguists. In Paris the essential "nerve panel" of the organisation is staffed by only 20 men. These experts do no scene-of-the-crime detecting themselves but filter and forward the constant interchange of messages from the active police HQ of the member nations.

New Problems

BESIDES the exchange of radio and telegraphic photos and information, they catch the aliases with international dossiers—red-tubed for "Arrest on sight", blue-tubed for "Send all information available", green-tubed for "Watch this suspect and report on movements".

Under Interpol auspices, the top-ranking world police chiefs meet to discuss new crime problems. At the last meeting, held in Bern, the 40 detectives present included Ronald Howe, Britisher chief of the British C.I.D., Professor Harry Soderman of Stockholm, F.B.I. delegates from Washington, and many others.

Even Iron Curtain nations co-operate in fighting the criminal and both Poland and Czechoslovakia were represented. Interpol's first laurels were gained in tackling the flood of counterfeit money that poured through Europe after the war.

The amounts and different types of dud money in circulation were exhaustively analysed. A hunt began not only for every known criminal forger and suspect, but close watch was kept on all the legitimate forgers who learned their strange craft in resistance movements during the war.

Forged Currency

AS a result, a lonely French farmhouse was raided. Beneath the floorboards were wads of forged American currency to the face value of £60,000,000. Another fake currency chase, commenced on information from Holland, led through the British zone of Germany to Switzerland and Italy and ended in a hectic gun battle in Milan.

A British soldier home on leave from Greece took four gold sovereigns to a small provincial bank to sell. He had obtained them quite legitimately, but Bank of England experts recognised them as nearly perfect forgeries. Though they were sold, they were 19 cent and not 22 carat.

Through Interpol flashed the warning that similar dud sovereigns might be in circulation. Sure enough, as soon as the police and banking officials of other nations were put wise to it, other counterfeit sovereigns came to light.

Watered Down

THEY were discovered by the thousands in Turkey, and hundreds turned up in Egypt, Palestine and Yugoslavia. Without arousing suspicion, the men who had passed them were painstakingly traced to Piraeus, the port of Athens. A gang of 15 Greeks had put 21,000 watered-down sovereigns into circulation.

In another case, a suspect was traced at record speed when the Swiss police reported through Interpol that he considered himself an irresistible lover. Last seen in London, he had disappeared. Scotland Yard checked on every known woman associate, and even scrutinised their bank accounts. The clue came in an application for Danish currency from a Mayfair mannequin. Cross-questioned, she spoke vaguely of her plans for a business trip—but, just in case she was acting as cover-up, Denmark was warned.

Denmark had news of the suspect, but he had slipped through to Sweden. Sweden reported that he had sailed for Australia. Thanks to these round-the-world messages, Sydney police met the liner. . . and Interpol got its man.

When the republic of Uruguay decided to bring its police force up to international scratch, Scotland Yard was asked for two senior advisory officials.

Just a part of the Interpol service!

In a French seaport the police discovered the body of a woman who had been suspected of currency smuggling. Sewn into the shoulder-pads of her coat were a number of forged £5 notes, and the police thought she was British.

A yard man was called in. He noticed that the lingette in her suitcase was not folded in the British way, but rolled—a method of packing more often used in Scandinavia. Sure enough, Stockholm checked the fingerprints through Interpol, and the woman was identified within three hours.

There are new and unsolved cases in the international archives. The member nations are drawing up plans to check aeroplane smuggling of gold and precious stones, and a new and detailed campaign to plug the market in smuggled arms. They are also launching a hush-hush offensive to check the theft of goods in transit.

Thanks to Interpol, the arms of the law have never been longer.

BRIDGE NO ONE DARES TO CROSS

By JOHN GODLEY

Astara (Soviet-Iran frontier). TEN yards from where I am standing is the Russian frontier.

Through this quiet Caspian village frontier flows a lazy river: south of it is Iran; north of it is Russia.

A single bridge spans the river. It is the only bridge. Nothing has crossed it for four years.

Here, on the south side, flutters the Iranian flag—red, white, and green in horizontal stripes. Across the river is the red flag of Russia.

In the centre of the bridge is an ornate wooden archway decorated with a hammer and sickle. Beneath the archway an ornate iron barrier bars the way. It is never opened.

A mile off-shore a Russian control-boat rides at anchor. Iranian fishermen can come as far north as this—and no further.

When the Russian frontier was closed in 1940 the two halves of Astara were cut off from one another completely and without warning.

Then the villagers moved freely across the river. Many had close relatives and friends who

WHAT'S GOING ON

by EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

ON the brilliant blue and white south coast of France another season is in full swing. It is a season with a difference, for at Cannes and Cap d'Antibes the old order changeth.

Who is toast of the town? A high-born beauty from Paris or London? A princess, a duchess, a New York heiress? It is Mlle. Maryse Delort, Miss Franco of 1950.

Rich Americans, with villas and yachts, are few; so are British "Milords." The Anglo-Saxon contingent consists for the most part of slight-seeming tourists, though the British flag is kept flying by three yachts at present in Cannes harbour.

They belong to the Earl of Dudley, Group Captain Noel Guinness, and the Hon. Mrs Reggie Fellows.

Richest and ritziest visitors come from Italy, where the aristocratic and big business classes, bolstered by matrimonial and commercial contracts with America, maintain a way of life which is no more than a memory in most European countries.

But here is the biggest of all the changes in Riviera fashions. Many of the women this year are shunning the ultra-violet rays: it is "a la mode" in the evenings, to display shoulders and back of purest white, and not of golden brown.

Leader of this feline is Rita Hayworth; but her husband, Aly Khan, remains the most sun-burned-looking man on the Cote d'Azur.

Polo sombrero

THERE HAS been a fine week of polo at London's Richmond Club. When I went to see it, I was struck by the standard of the play showed that this man's game is by no means dead.

It was an exciting afternoon, watched by a gay but meagre crowd which included Princess Elizabeth, who was driven down by Lord Mountbatten in his own car.

The Argentine team, mounted on magnificent ponies and attended by a picturesque groom in a sombrero, played a dashingly named to their own accompaniment of bloodthirsty yells. Well-played polo is a wonderful spectacle. I am sure that if it were properly advertised, and played later in the day, Londoners would flock to see it.

The up train

WHEN Lt-Colonel W. M. Musgrave-Hoye, one-time chairman of the Manchester Stock Exchange, arrived at Liverpool from Dublin one morning he found that there was a train on to Lancaster at 8.45.

But he was told at the barrier that he could not board the train. The reason? It stopped at Lancaster only to pick up, not to set down.

—A hundred yards away—on the other side of the stream. They have not seen them since. The Russians moved the entire civilian population away from the frontier area.

I gazed across, at the underside of Russia through this chink in the Iron Curtain. On the other side of the bridge stood two Russian sentries, in khaki with black caps. They carried rifles with fixed bayonets and were watching me through field glasses.

A battalion of Russian troops is stationed on the north bank and a battalion of Iranian troops is stationed on the south bank.

A Russian cow grazed peacefully in a Russian field. A Russian lorry jolted slowly along a dusty Russian road.

I drove for five miles along the south bank of the river. Both banks were heavily barbed-wired. At intervals of a mile along the river the Russians have built look-out towers 60ft. high.

On the platform of each tower I could see two armed Russian soldiers. At night they use searchlights.

To guard against intruders? Or to prevent prisoners escaping?



MILLE. MARYSE DELORT
Miss Franco 1950 and
ruler of the Cote d'Azur

The station-master confirmed the ticket inspector's ruling, and the unfortunate colonel, tired after his all-night journey, had to watch a half-empty express steam off to his home town without him.

Hard to know

THE AMBASSADORS of the Western Powers in Paris are in a quandary. They all want to meet and talk with M. Alexis Pavlov, the Russian envoy who presented his letters of credence to President Auriol on May 5.

But M. Pavlov, it appears, is in no hurry to meet them. The matter is entirely in his hands: for diplomatic etiquette demands that he, as the newcomer, should call formally on his fellow ambassadors before normal contact is established.

It is a tantalising situation, particularly as the bearded and smartly uniformed Russian has a reputation for being gay, witty, and a bon viveur.

President Auriol has told Sir Oliver Harvey and Mr David Bruce (U.S.A.) that he is a most interesting man to talk with. But, until M. Pavlov lifts the curtain, his fellow ambassadors can do no more than bask politely and move along when they meet him at receptions and public functions.

Ava's street car

A FRIEND, just back from abroad, tells me something of the filming of Ava Gardner's new picture, "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman".

In several shots Ava appears reclining in the back of a large and shiny Horch motor-car.

When the company came to complete the film in Britain a problem arose. More shots of the Horch were required but how could the car be reproduced?

The company's headache turned out to be a godsend for two young and impecunious motoring enthusiasts who had recently bought, for a few pounds, a 50 h.p. Hispano-Suiza, and who were short of cash for insuring and licensing the monster.

The film company and the motoring enthusiasts got together. At the company's expense, the Hispano-Suiza has been re-sprayed and re-furbished, licensed and insured. Now it is acting as stand-in for the Horch. Its fee: £10 a day.

Farmers' glory

JUDGING BY some of the reports on the Royal Agricultural Show, Colonel the Lord Digby, D.S.O. (who is vice-president, was mainly responsible for the show's organisation), should have been in a gloomy frame of mind.

Said he: "Conjectures about our financial losses were fantastic. This year's was the most successful show we have ever held. The farmers did wonderful business, and, after all, the show is for their benefit."

Lord Digby should know. He is a working farmer himself, drives his own electric milk van around his Dorset estate.

Next month he flies off to Africa. Object of his journey? To visit an agricultural show.

A lady's favour

VISITORS to Sir Pelham Warner's box during the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's were surprised to see Lady Warner wearing a dark blue flower—symbol of Harrovian support.

This was a break from tradition. For as long as most people can remember the great "Plum" Warner and his wife have supported Eton, where both their sons were educated.

Why the switch of allegiance? There is a simple and human explanation. Said Lady Warner: "It is in honour of my grandson in his first year at Harrow."

(London Express Service)

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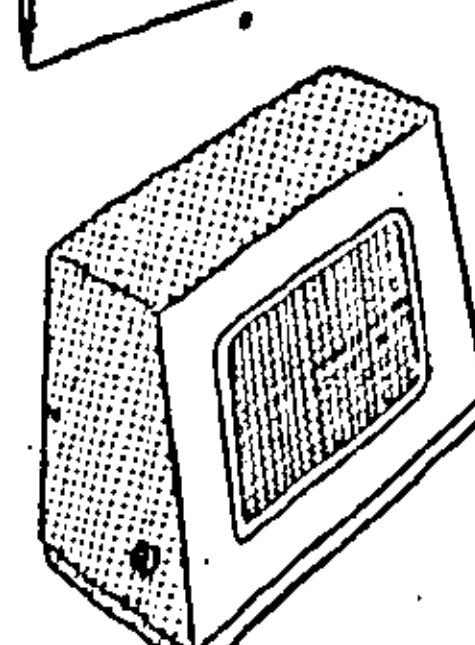
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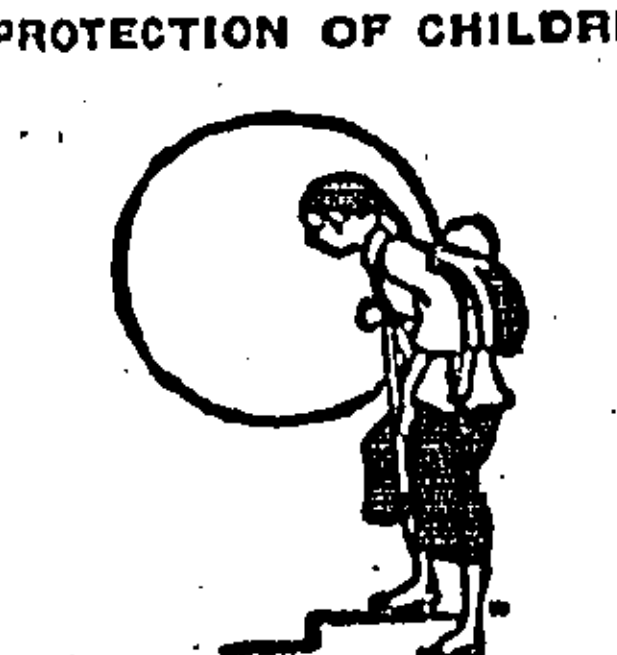
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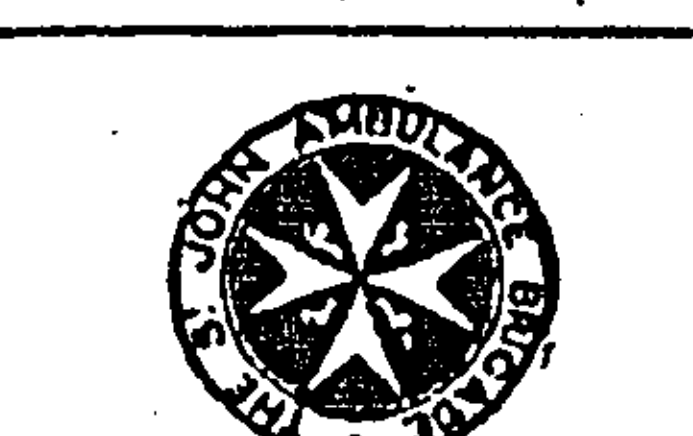
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BEVERLY BAXTER, at the THEATRE, examines the

London
NOT all theatre critics write notices in the newspapers. Many there be, and they are by no means unimportant, who make up their minds and speak their minds and clear even if their audience is no larger than the person next to them.

I encountered such a one when I stole into the Palladium for Mr Jack Benny's act and took up a position on the extreme left of the stalls.

The amiable and gifted Mr Benny wandered on to the stars with those lazy, drawing legs and proceeded to chat with us at the microphone.

Mr BENNY was in no hurry and neither were we. Every now and then he stopped, talking and looked at the wings or towards the boxes with an unseeing disinterested gaze as if the vast theatre held no one but himself.

It was in one of these pauses that a young man in the row behind touched me on the shoulder and said: "Excuse me, could you tell me who this is?"

I said that it was Jack Benny. Ten minutes later, while Mr Benny was looking at his finger nails as if he had never seen them before, the same young man leaned forward and asked me when the man on the stage was going to do something.

As quietly as possible I explained that Jack Benny never did anything, which was his peculiar genius. "Thank you," whispered the young man, who was perfectly sober and had very good manners.

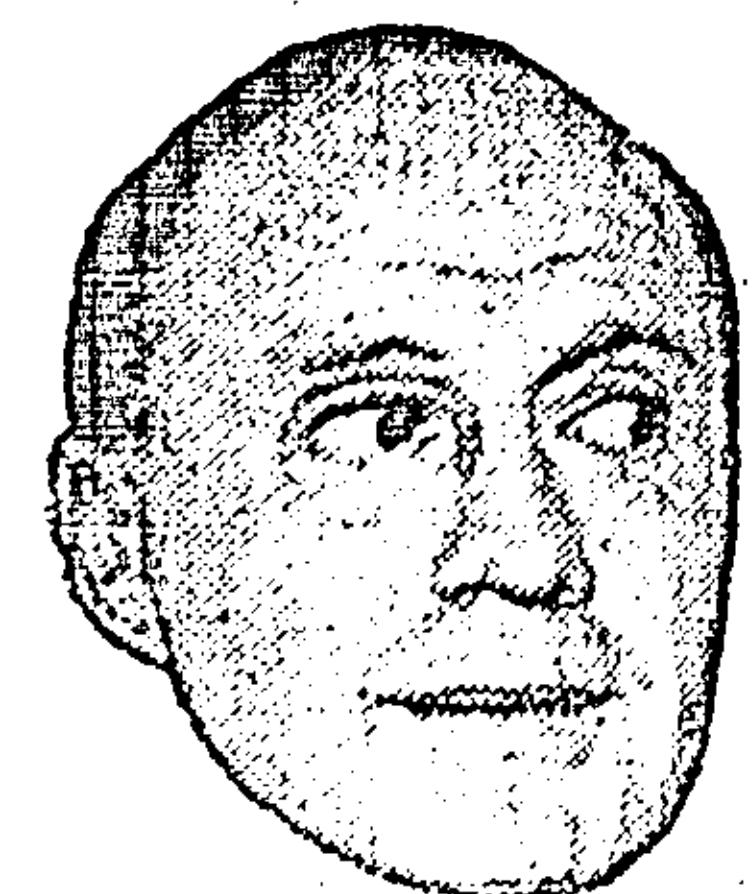
AFTER a while the ebullient Phil Harris arrived and after some pitter patter with his chief burst into a Boogie Woogie negro song which consisted of many words sung at great pace.

It was a lengthy song and before it was finished there came a tap on my shoulder from the critic in the row behind.

"He isn't even trying to sing," he said earnestly. Out of the corner of my mouth I explained that Mr Harris did not really sing, which was his peculiar genius and accounted for his extraordinary peculiarity. "Thank you," murmured the critic.

After what seemed an hour or so, the immortal Rochester appeared, the man whose voice is like a tank travelling over loose gravel. He is a plump, good-natured dork with a modest but lively appreciation of his own humour, which is as it should be. He never intended that he should, then he danced, although the law of gravitation keeps his feet

Advantage of being



BENNY

firmly to the ground. Whereupon there was a tap on my shoulder from the critic behind.

"This is too awful," he said, and picking up his hat he walked out.

WHO was he? Where has he been these last ten years? Was he in the jungle, or working on the groundnut scheme that he has misused the onward march of the arts and the new aristocracy of the microphone?

Does he think that songs are now sung by people who can sing, and that the violin is played for more than a note or two? Can he not see that the popular figures of the entertainment world today are those who say, "I am, I do not do?"

In spite of the act being even though the young man in the row behind picked my conscience and made me wonder if the professional critic is not too ready to accept the verdict of the mob.

THERE has never been a Shylock such as Mr Robert Aldous is now presenting in the open air of Regent's Park.

Mr Aldous is a great favourite of mine. But for once I find myself at variance with our old friend, for if we closed our eyes at Regent's Park one could hear the lusty notes of Bottom intruding upon the incantation of the Jew. There are about Jews, but by tradition Shylock is not one of them. In Mr Aldous we have a moneylender who could have knocked both Antonio and Bassanio out of the ring, and then chuckled Portia under the chin.

Instead of the Gentiles appearing as gods (which they certainly were) battling a mean but helpless creature, they

rouse our reluctant admiration for taking on so formidable an antagonist. In fact Robert Aldous displayed many of the characteristics associated with his immortal namesake Thomas. There is a charming Portia, and the thin crescent of a new moon looked down upon a scene of absolute enchantment.

REGINALD BECKWITH is a skilful fellow with a rare sense of comedy, but he is wrong to make an imaginary Communist revolution in Britain a theme for laughter.

It is true that the audience laughed a lot at the Embassy Theatre when the Reunion Theatre Guild presented Shepherd's Warning, but that is a tribute to the actors rather than the author.

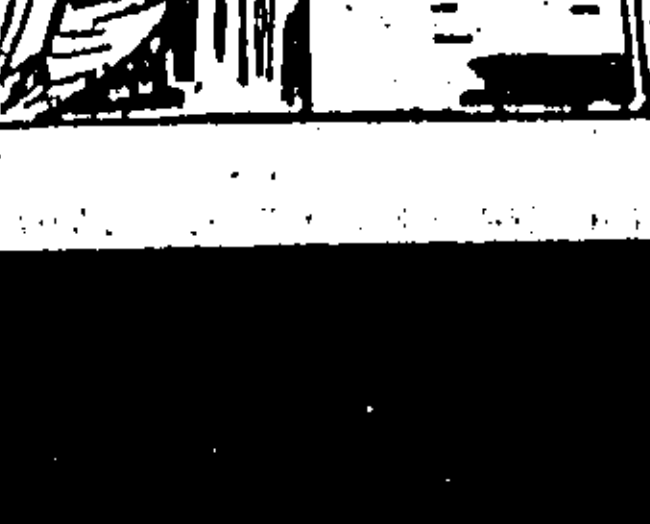
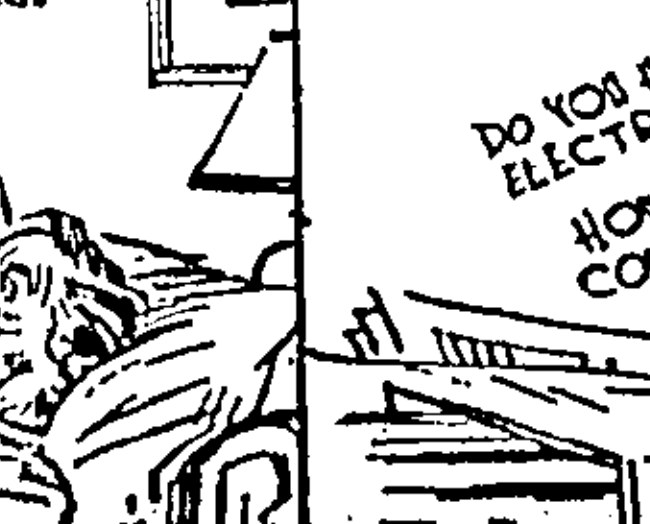
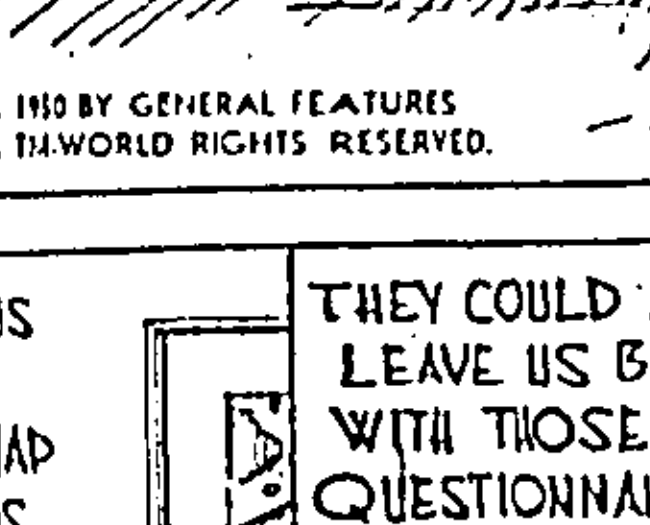
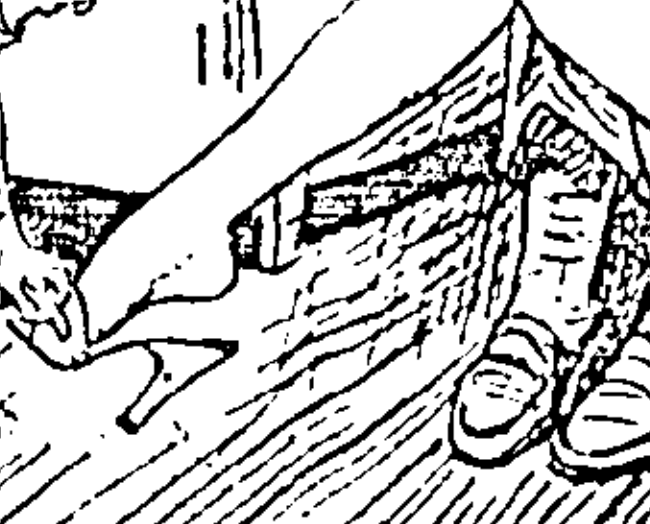
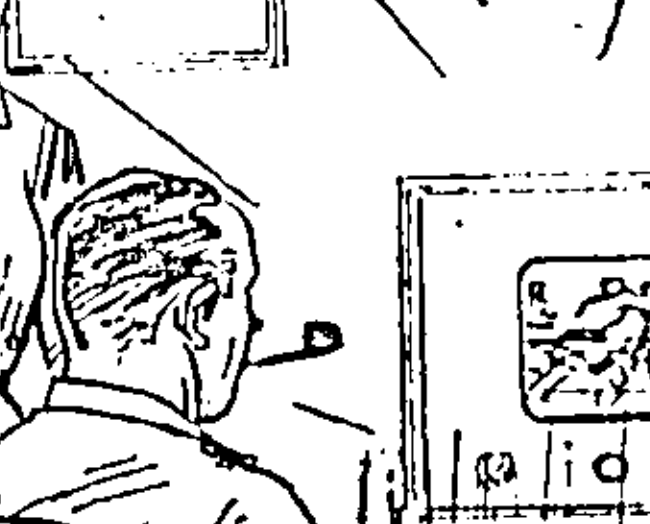
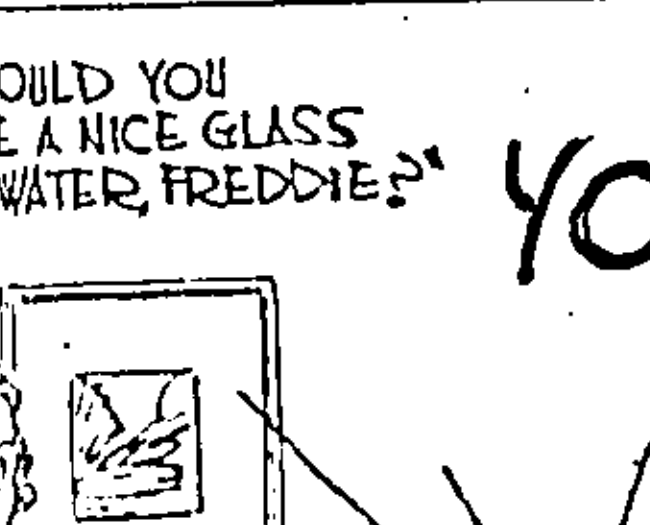
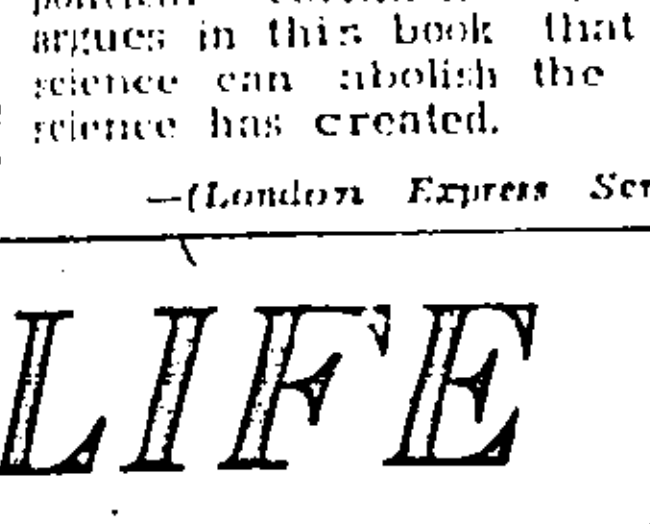
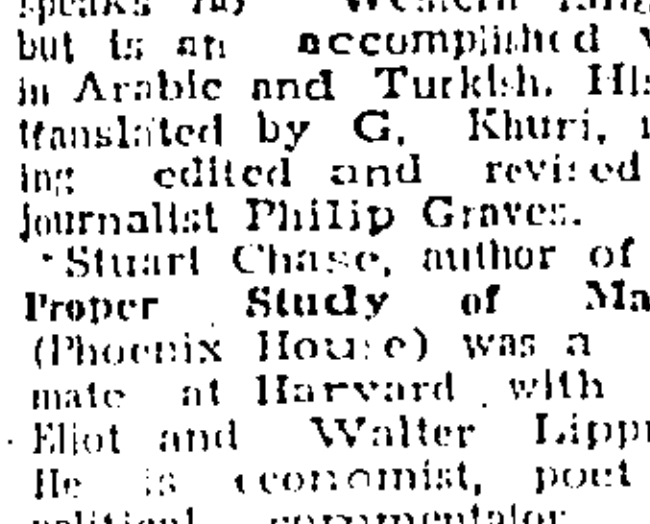
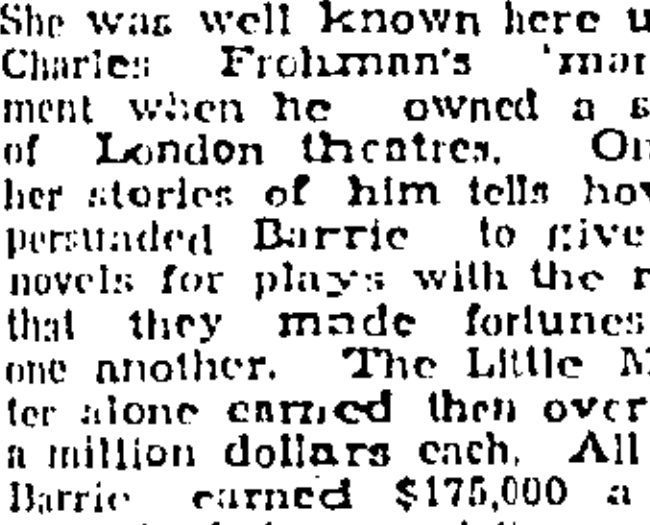
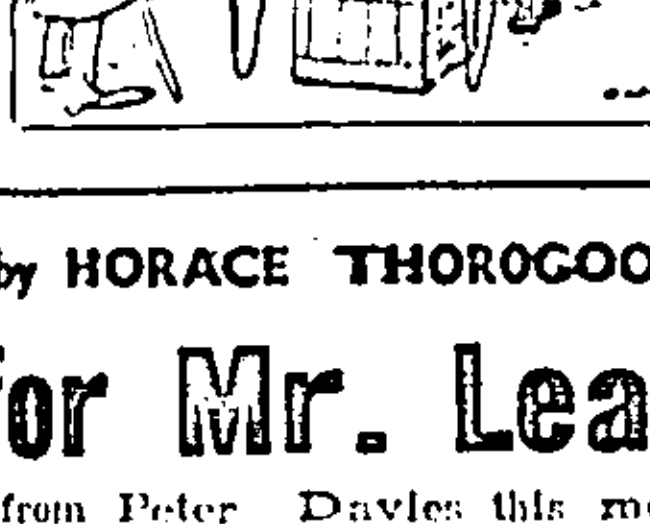
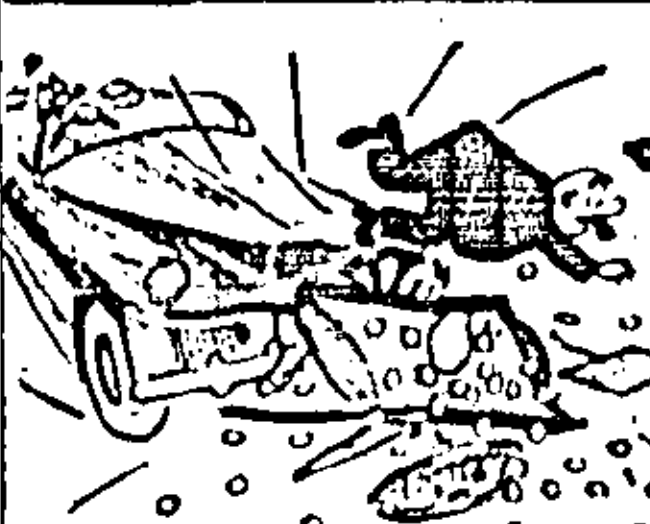
It is a goodly company which the Guild has gathered together, and he is a fortunate dramatist who is served by Joyce Barbour, Jack Allen, Henrietta Watson and Emrys Jones.

One must be cautious of a young actress for the first time, but I was much impressed by Miss Anna Turner whose portrayal of a Huddersfield Communist leader of firm purpose and amorous instincts was a little gem.

(London Express Service)

DAB and FLOUNDER

—by WALTER



NEW BOOKS by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

Sacked from Eton

—BUT HE BECAME A HAPPY FAILURE

WILLIAM CORY, by Faith Compton Mackenzie, Constable, 21s, 216 pages.

WILLIAM CORY is one of the most remarkable and mysterious failures of the nineteenth century. For what is left of the man and his work? Eight lines, found in most anthologies, beginning:

"They told me, 'Heracles, they told me you were dead. They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed."

And the Eton Boating Song. The rest of Cory is forgotten, although his book of poems, *Ionica*, which sold 311 copies in 14 years, is now a collector's prize.

Yet Cory, under his original name of Johnson, was once almost famous; he was one of the great Victorian school-masters; a man of independent and eccentric mind.

By birth of a Devon family with an Indian fortune, by inclination a man of action, he was barred by weak eyesight from the Navy; and became, after a lustrous academic career, an Eton master in 1815.

Rosebery, Balfour, Hallifax, Grey, Lytton, Peel, Spring-Rice—such were the young men he sought to influence. A strong Whig, passionately interested in politics, he was, as he saw it, conducting the education of a ruling class.

Reading his letters to the youth who became Lord Escher, an extraordinary impression is created of a vigorous mind using immense learning to illuminate current affairs for the benefit of the rising generation of an Empire's governors.

Johnson—Cory was a fervent imperialist. It was one of the reasons for his disgust with the poor showing of British troops in South Africa. But—"Despair he blazed. Rule Britannia!"

When a regiment marched past the classroom he hustled the boys out to cheer with "Heads, the British Army!"

Suddenly, in a matter of a few days, all this busy, elegant life is destroyed for ever. In his fiftieth year Johnson leaves Eton—

He is not dismissed, he resigns his fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. He changes his name by deed-poll from Johnson to Cory. And he retires to a small estate in the West Country. What had happened? A parent had complained to the

headmaster of the too-emotional terms on which Cory was writing to his son.

Cory loved boys, as a school-master should and, perhaps, expressed his feelings with less than a schoolmaster's caution. Horby, the headmaster, who has kicked the teacher; and school policy, may not have been reluctant to act.

To make the affair more mysterious (though they went, with their parents' consent, to stay with Cory. This, although Horby had circulated to parents a packet of letters written by Cory to a favourite pupil and found after the boy's death).

For many a man this half-suppressed scandal might have been the pride of a life ever more peculiar and less respectable. In fact, Cory went on teaching for the pure love of it—splinters, elderly, wandering, young ladies, a wandering

Japanese.

He lived another 20 years; and, when he was fifty-five, married a pretty, strong-minded girl of 20 who told him, "I always wanted to marry an old, clever man, good, tender and true. You are the man." He was delighted. "She is a milk-maid, as merry as an actress, as stylish as a maid of honour."

The marriage was a success. Cory became a father and entered his son for the Navy.

The latter part of Cory's life was obscure. When he died in Hampshire in 1892, there were few to note that one of the brightest, oddest lights of the century had flickered out. As the school song says:

Eton boys, Eton boys, boys of the good old school.

Some make for fame, some make for shame.

While others through life play the fool.

From Mrs Compton Mackenzie's rather untidy narrative, the main outline of the story emerges: Cory's character remains elusive and aloof.

"FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE, wife of Compton Mackenzie and sister of Christopher Stone, is the daughter of William Cory."

THE LOTTERY. By Shirley Jackson. Gollancz, 10s. 6d. 308 pages.

These 25 stories from America are unusual and uneven. Some are very slight, some very odd; best are those where the author is nearest to the earth. Worst might be called fairy-tales for grown-ups, like *The Lottery* which has won undeserved fame.

It tells how, faithful to tradition, an American village holds

a lottery. The winner is, according to custom, stoned to death. In this kind of story the reader is so busy looking for the meaning that he is liable to miss the fun.

No, give me the story called *Charles*.

Every day a little boy named Laurie brings back from his kindergarten some new tale of the misdeeds of a classmate named Charles. One day, Charles has kicked the teacher; another day he has enticed a little girl into saying a very rude word to the teacher. Laurie's parents are increasingly anxious to meet the mother of this pest.

At the Parent-Teacher Association meeting, nobody looks hard enough for the part. So Laurie's mother talks to the teacher, who says that Laurie, after a little trouble adjusting, is now a fine little helper, with lapses. Laurie's mother supposes it is Charles's influence.

"Charles?" says the teacher. "We don't have any Charles in this kindergarten."

"SHIRLEY JACKSON, 29, lives in Vermont, U.S.A.; wife of Stanley Edgar Hyman, of the New Yorker; has three children."

A MURDER IS ANNOUNCED. By Agatha Christie. The Crime Club, 8s. 6d. 266 pages.

Somebody puts the light out in Miss Blacklock's cottage and has a good lay of murdering the old lady, killing himself in the process.

That is the way things look. But what has really happened? The exact opposite of what seems to have happened, of course. Old Miss Blacklock is the killer.

Still, it is ingenious of Agatha Christie to keep this simple conception alive during the 256 pages of her 50th crime story. Non-vintage Christie.

"AGATHA CHRISTIE, in her 50s, with grown-up daughter, is married to Max Mallowan, the archaeologist. She accompanies her husband every year on expeditions to the Middle East."

(London Express Service)

LIBRARY LIST

THE HIGH PLACE. By Geoffrey Hinde. George Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d. 224 pages. A very lively novel for the hour. About an international secret society for the purpose of destroying all governments and every kind of authority.

IN FACE OF FEAR. By Fred Thompson. Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d. 224 pages. An account of the Rev. Michael Scott's championship of the liberal, a fearless, fearless people threatened with physical extermination.

THE CAPTAIN'S DEATH BED. By Norma Wood. George Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d. 224 pages. Essays, like the making of a good dinner table where everybody has a right to a capacity for understanding attention and not the slightest bit of it. (London Express Service)

Nevil Shute is going down under

TODAY'S surprise: Nevil Shute sells up his house on Hayling Island, is to sail with his family for Australia.

Shute became an admirer of Australia in the material-gathering trip that preceded his current media-winning, "A Town Like Alice." Flying his light aircraft, he visited the principal Australian cities, toured Queensland and the Northern Territory.

Says Shute: "I see very great prosperity ahead for Australia."

Prosperity lies ahead for him, too. "A Town Like Alice" will earn at least £18,000 (without film rights). After tax deduction it should get about £3,000.

A private in the First World War, a naval lieutenant in the second, Shute—now in his



NEVIL SHUTE

fifties—has been in the vanguard of aviation development since his Oxford days, when he took his vacations working for De Havilland. Twenty years ago, he flew the Atlantic as one of the engineers in charge of the ship R 101.

During the five years the family plan to stay abroad, the head of the house will write three books. "And," says the airman author to his publishers, "any time you want me to sign anything, I'll fly back!"

His aircraft is one of the unusual items in the not-wanted-on-voyage luggage. Another—pre-fab for the gardener.

Though Bangkok is one of my favourite cities, "Anna and The King of Siam" are not to my taste. For her next story, "Never Dies the Dream," Margaret London has chosen the colourful background of the Siamese capital again. I'll try again, too.

From the flood of war novels swamping Germany, first to be translated for the benefit of the British is "The Odds Against Us." Author is ex-infantryman Hans Werner Richter. Publishers—MacGibbon and Kee.

Over to Spain. "The Spanish Gardener," by A. J. Cronin, will appear in autumn.

Jon Hope

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Let-Us-Alone Week

By KEMP STARRETT

